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MARMION: A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD,

IN SIX CANTOS.

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SCOTT'S MARMION:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD,

IN SIX CANTOS.

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

MICHAEL MACMILLAN, B.A., Oxon,

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Mt. Allison Ladies'

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MARMION:

A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!

LEYDEN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY, LORD MONTAGUE,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

No very subtle powers of criticism are required to arrive at a correct estimate of Scott's poetical works. The merits and defects of his poetry are so obvious that they force themselves upon the attention of the most careless reader. In his long poems he is extremely careless, as he himself acknowledges in the third introductory epistle of *Marmion*. Even in his finest passages we now and then meet an inappropriate word or idea recklessly dragged in for the sake of the rhyme or the metre. His verses are sometimes overburdened with archæological details. In all his poems there are long bald passages of versified prose which are intended to serve as connecting links between brilliant descriptions. Scott has neither the melody and ethereal beauty of Shelley, nor the rich imagery of Keats, nor the deep passion of Byron. But in spite of all this, his descriptions of scenery, in an age when all the greatest poets devoted their best powers to the task of expressing their intense admiration of the beauties of nature, need fear comparison with the work of none of his contemporaries. Each of the poetical "priests of nature" who flourished in the beginning of this century has his own distinguish-

ing characteristics. Wordsworth sees in the fancied peace of nature a contrast with the storms that rack the breast of man, and draws from the beauty of the external world moral lessons to guide our conduct, or consolations to comfort us in the hours when we are weary with worldly cares and the burden of life's mystery. Byron finds in the solitude of the Alps, and the majesty of the ocean, the means of forgetting for a while that he must associate with the human race which he affects to despise. Keats loves to depict with luscious profusion of imagination and an undercurrent of morbid melancholy the luxuriant vegetation of the forest or the field. Shelley's subtle fancy revels in vague but delicately beautiful descriptions of the clouds, or the sea, or of the plains and mountains of Italy idealized by his own poetic fancy. But Scott's attitude towards nature is very different from that of Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, or Shelley. The peculiar characteristic of his descriptions of natural scenery is generally specified by calling him an objective poet. That is, he confines himself usually to describing mountains and valleys as they appear to every one who has eyes to see. He does not force his own peculiar feelings into the picture as is done by the other four poets mentioned above. Instead of teaching us to see in nature the reflection of our own joy and sadness, or moral lessons, or a pervading spirit, he as a rule simply describes the beautiful world as it is to the outward eye. The objective character of his descriptions of natural scenery is evidenced by his fondness for describing by means of colours. A scene that appears to one man full of perfect peace may to another exemplify the internecine strife of nature. But optimism or pessimism cannot make the sky

appear green or the trees blue. Almost all Scott's pictures are enlivened with touches of colour, as has been observed by Ruskin. "In this love of beauty," says that great critic, speaking of Scott, "observe that (as I have said we might expect) the love of *colour* is a leading element, his healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its joy in brilliancy of hue. Though not so subtle a colourist as Dante, which, under the circumstances of the age he could not be, he depends quite as much upon colour for his power or pleasure. And, in general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the *one* character which he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness, up to the point of possible modern perception. For instance, if he has a sea-storm to paint in a single line, he does not, as a feebler poet would probably have done, use any expression about the temper or form of the waves; does not call them angry or mountainous. He is content to strike them out with two dashes of Tintoret's favourite colours:

> "*The blackening wave is edged with white;*
> To inch and rock the seamews fly."

There is no form in this. Nay, the main virtue of it is that it gets rid of all form. The dark raging of the sea —what form has that? But out of the cloud of its darkness those lightning flashes of the foam, coming at their terrible intervals, you need no more." Ruskin further illustrates this peculiarity by quoting the description of the encampment of the Scotch army on the Borough Moor (**4.** XXV.), where the poet, having to describe tents mingled among oaks, says nothing about the form of either tent or tree, but only gives two strokes

of colour. The picture of the encampment of the same army at Flodden (6. XVIII.) and the description of Edinburgh (see 4. XXX. note), are also used by the critic to prove the truth of his observations. Besides these striking passages the abundant use of epithets of colour, throughout *Marmion* and Scott's other poems, shows that Ruskin's criticism has detected a striking peculiarity in the poet's mind, which finds distinct expression in his writings.

By his strong affection for his native soil Scott is distinguished from most of the other descriptive poets of his day except Wordsworth. Shelley and Keats prefer to describe the rich beauty of Southern European landscapes, and Byron carries his reader with him through France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Greece. But just as Wordsworth for the most part celebrates the lakes and mountains of the Lake district in which he was born and bred, so Scott's poetic descriptions are almost entirely restricted to the Highlands and Lowlands of his native country. He never left Britain till the last year of his life, with the exception of one short visit to France, and could therefore only describe with the fidelity of an eye-witness the scenes of his native land. But these he describes with a power, the effect of which is not only evident to the literary critic but also to the ordinary reader, young and old, rich and poor, as has been annually manifested by the multitude of tourists that have overflooded Scotland year by year, since his poems first revealed to the world in glowing colours the beauty of her scenery, and the romantic associations of mediæval history, with which most of the regions of Scotland are inseparably connected. It must not however be supposed that, because Scott's

powers of description gain the approbation of the multitude, they are of a common or vulgar character. Some great poets are only appreciated by the select few, while others have attractions for the whole world. To this latter class Scott belongs. His poems give satisfaction to the refined taste of a Ruskin and a Palgrave, and are at the same time appreciated by the peasant, the schoolboy, and the vulgar tourist.

If we consider the excellence of Scott's war poetry, we may even claim for Scott's verse the power of attracting a still wider circle of admirers. The wildest tribes that appreciate the delights of hunting and fighting might be expected thoroughly to enjoy his animated pictures of the battle and the chase. As a war poet, Scott rises to the very highest rank. To find poetical battles equal to Scott's descriptions of Flodden and Bannockburn, we must go back three thousand years to the time of the composition of the Iliad. Although, in the long interval between the Homeric poems and the nineteenth century, such great poets as Æschylus, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton have done their best to describe battles, they must all be confessed to have failed to give such brilliant descriptions of the scenes of war, as are to be found in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *The Lord of the Isles*. By his birth and education Scott was naturally fitted to excel as a war poet. He was descended from a family that had taken their full share in all the feuds that were constantly devastating the Scotch borders. His great-grandfather, to whom allusion is made in the epistle introductory to the Sixth Canto, had fought for the Stuarts at Killiecrankie. The poet's imagination was richly fed with

tales of war in the farm house of Sandy Knowe, to which he was sent for the benefit of his health before he was three years old. In his manhood England was waging war with Napoleon, and the keen interest Scott took in the great struggle is manifested in several passages of *Marmion*. He never himself had the fortune to be actually engaged in battle. But he was ready to draw the sword for his country, and joined the volunteer movement that was organized as a response to Napoleon's threat of invasion. If Gibbon could with truth attribute part of his success as a historian to the experience of war that he had obtained as an officer in the militia, Scott undoubtedly owed a good deal of his power of describing war to his connection with the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers. As quartermaster of that regiment, he with Mr. Skene and other friends (see 4. Int. 9, 10) took an energetic part in many a sham fight. In fact, his volunteer exercises were the chief relaxation he indulged in to refresh himself in the intervals of hard literary work. He sometimes composed poetry on the back of his charger Brown Adam, that none but himself could ride without fear of being maimed. This horse once carried him a hundred miles in twenty-four hours to meet a sudden false alarm of invasion, and in the course of the wild ride he composed a spirited poem in which he gave vent to his excited feelings. "In the intervals of drilling," his friend Mr. Skene says, "Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to

Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verses he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise." Such were the appropriate surroundings amid which *Marmion* was written, and the vivid reality of the martial descriptions in the poem shows pretty plainly, that they are the work of one who had more than a literary knowledge of all the pomp and circumstance of war.

In addition to the advantages he derived from his love of outdoor life and practical acquaintance with military evolutions, he was also eminently fitted to be a war poet, by his intense patriotism, which makes him take the interest of a keen partisan in the battles he describes. Scotchmen have a double allowance of patriotic feeling. As Britons they can take pride in the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and even in Agincourt and Crecy. As Scotchmen they take a still stronger interest in the memories of Bannockburn and Flodden. The lasting memory of those two battles in the heart of the nation, ever kept fresh by two of the finest of the many beautiful songs that have been composed in the Lowland Scotch dialect, makes the poorest peasant still exult in the triumph won at Bannockburn, and lament the slaughter of Flodden. In this distinctively Scottish patriotism Scott heartily sympathized. Although he enshrines in his verse the history of a great disaster to Scotland, he apologizes for so doing in the lines of Leyden which he prefixes to the poem—

> Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
> The combat where her lover fell!
> That Scottish bard should wake the string
> The triumph of our foes to tell!

Though his hero and the principal characters of the poem are English, his Scotch sympathies are very manifest throughout. (See 6. XX.–XXXIII.) Yet for all this he could not satisfy the narrow patriotism of some Edinburgh reviewers who complained of his "manifest neglect of Scottish feelings." Of this alleged neglect there is absolutely no sign in the poem, unless the fact that he described a Scotch defeat, which did more credit to the national valour than most victories could have done, be supposed to be any justification of the charge. There are indeed to be found throughout the poem, and especially in the introductions, many references to the great French war, showing that his British patriotism was almost as strong as his love for Scotland. But there are nowhere to be found any passages which indicate that pride in the glories of the British empire had made him for a moment forget the fondness with which every true Scotchman loves his native land.

Marmion is the second of Scott's longer poems. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in January, 1805, and its brilliant success naturally emboldened him to court public favour again. However *Marmion* was not commenced until November, 1806. Constable, an Edinburgh publisher, offered the poet a thousand pounds for the poem, soon after it was begun, without thinking it necessary to look at it, and Scott, being in need of a large sum of money to help his brother, closed with the offer, and got the price long before the poem was published. The six introductory epistles inform us when and where the various portions of the poem were composed. The greater part of the first four cantos was

written at Ashestiel. The fifth introduction was composed in Edinburgh, seemingly in the beginning of December, 1807, the three first cantos having occupied a whole year (cf. 4. Int. 33). The introduction to the sixth canto is dated from Mertoun House on the Tweed, where the poet spent his Christmas in the year 1807; but large portions of the description of the battle seem to have been composed in Edinburgh in the autumn of the same year, when he was going through his drills, as a member of the Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers. The poem, with the mass of historical notes by which it is elucidated, was at last published in February, 1808. It was received with great favour by the critics and the public, and was generally acknowledged to be at least equal to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* The two thousand copies of the first edition of the poem were sold in less than a month at the price of one guinea and a half. The popularity of the poem continued, and Lockhart estimates that by the year 1836 as many as fifty thousand copies had been sold. Walter Scott's friends and the critics were soon busied in comparing it with his previous production, extolling the fine passages and pointing out the defects. His friend Leyden, the orientalist, severely criticised Scott for allowing his hero to commit the mean crime of forgery. The poet entirely allowed the justice of the criticism, but refused to improve Marmion's conduct in subsequent editions. "The poem," he writes in 1830, "was finished in too much haste to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times (see

note on 6. XV. 13) was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial, rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen. I remember my friend, Dr. Leyden, then in the East, wrote me a furious remonstrance on the subject. I have, nevertheless, always been of opinion, that corrections, however in themselves judicious, have a bad effect—after publication." The same error of judgment is ridiculed by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," written in 1808. The bitter passage upon Marmion in that poem begins,

> Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
> The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
> Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
> Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
> The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
> A mighty mixture of the great and base.

Southey objected to the interruption of the narrative by the introductory epistles. "The story is made of better materials than the *Lay*," Southey writes to his brother poet, "yet they are not so well fitted together. As a whole it has not pleased me so much—in parts it has pleased me more. There is nothing so finely conceived in your former poem as the death of Marmion, there is nothing finer in its conception anywhere. The introductory epistles I did not wish away, because, as poems, they give me great pleasure; but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning, anywhere except where they were. My taste is perhaps peculiar in disliking all interruptions in narrative poetry. When the poet lets his story sleep, and talks in his own person,

it has to me the same sort of unpleasant effect that is produced at the end of an act. You are alive to know what follows, and lo—down comes the curtain, and the fiddlers begin with their abominations. The general opinion however is with me in this particular instance." Many other friendly critics like Southey objected to the epistles as interfering with the course of the narrative. To us they are peculiarly interesting. They indulge our curiosity as to the private life of the poet and the friends in whose society he delighted. Any one who objects to their position between the cantos can easily escape the interruption by leaving them unread, until he has finished the narrative portion of the poem.

Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* rather grudgingly allows that *Marmion* is about equal to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. "It is a good deal longer," he remarks, "and somewhat more ambitious; and it is rather clearer that it has greater faults than that it has greater beauties —though for our own part we are inclined to believe in both propositions. It has more flat and tedious passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore: but it has also greater richness and variety both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. The place of the prologizing minstrel is but ill supplied, indeed, by the epistolary dissertations which are prefixed to each book of the present poem; and the ballad pieces and mere episodes which it contains have less finish and poetical beauty; but there is more airiness and spirit in the higher delineations; and the story, if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended

through a wider field of adventure. The characteristics of both however are evidently the same; a broken narrative—a redundancy of minute description—bursts of unequal and energetic poetry—and a general tone of spirit and animation, unchecked by timidity or affectation, and unchastened by any great delicacy of taste or elegance of fancy." Jeffrey's contemporary criticism has been on the whole confirmed by the more deliberate judgment of later readers. Scott is an unequal poet and *Marmion* is the most unequal of his poems. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is a more accurate and lifelike picture of a past age. In that poem an antique air is successfully sustained throughout, which for the while makes the reader live in a bygone time; but in very large portions of the narrative of *Marmion* we are conscious that the poet, in spite of his antiquarian lore, fails to succeed in his laborious endeavours to represent the beginning of the sixteenth century in a light agreeable to modern sentiment without sacrifice of historical truth. On the other hand the plots of *The Lady of the Lake* and of *Rokeby* are perhaps more skilfully constructed. There are, as we have seen in *Marmion*, many very obvious faults that have been pointed out by the critics. But after all that can be said on the other side, most people will acknowledge that nowhere else in Scott's poetry will be found greater pathetic power than that displayed in the convent scene, or a more brilliant piece of descriptive writing than the picture of Edinburgh in the Fifth Canto. When we further reflect that the Battle of Flodden is a battle piece that surpasses in power and grandeur any similar attempt that has been made since the days of Homer, we may safely decide that *Marmion* is the greatest of Scott's poems.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of MARMION must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprize his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is laid. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded his plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, that an attempt to paint the manners of the feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam:
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath Fell;

Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;

The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise;
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprize,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,

A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Oh think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,

Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most ;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below :
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men ;"
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave

Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die.

Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile!
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past:
Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away;
Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear.

Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son:
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed;
Or idly list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale:
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn;
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell
(For few have read romance so well),
How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
And how our hearts at doughty deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel perilous,

Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse ;
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,
(Alas, that lawless was their love !)
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,
And freed full sixty knights ; or when,
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.

The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong :
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;
And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
Licentious satire, song, and play ;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men,
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance ;
Or seek the moated castles cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,

On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train,
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells,
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells;
Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd;
And Honour, with his spotless shield;
Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear,
That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
A worthy meed may thus be won;
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
Their theme the merry minstrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
And that Red King, who, while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his lov'd huntsman's arrow bled—
Ytene's oaks have heard again
Renew'd such legendary strain;
For thou hast sung how He of Gaul,
That Amadis so famed in hall,
For Oriana, foil'd in fight
The Necromancer's felon might;
And well in modern verse hast wove
Partenopex's mystic love:
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

CANTO FIRST

The Castle.

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song.

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears
  Beneath a pennon gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
  Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
  His bugle-horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,
  For well the blast he knew;
And joyfully that knight did call,
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
  Bring pasties of the doe,
And quickly make the entrance free,
And bid my heralds ready be,
And every minstrel sound his glee,
  And all our trumpets blow;
And, from the platform, spare ye not
To fire a noble salvo-shot;
  Lord MARMION waits below!"
Then to the Castle's lower ward
  Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparr'd,
  And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow ;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been ;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field ;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire ;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick mustache, and curly hair,
Coal black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age ;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel ;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd ;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread and forward breast :
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soar'd sable in an azure field :
The golden legend bore aright,
Who checks at me, to death is dight.
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein ;

Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane ;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name and knightly sires ;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim ;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away ;
Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board,
And frame love-ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair.

VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe :
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore ;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
The towering falcon seem'd to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest :
Each, chosen for an archer good,

Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys, and array,
Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard ;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepar'd :
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanc'd,
The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
Stout heart, and open hand !
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land."

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion :
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.
"Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,—
"Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold !
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold :
There vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the King his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair ;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare ;

We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride ;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquer'd in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye !"

XIII.

Then stepp'd, to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place—
They feasted full and high :
The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
" *How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all*
Stout Willimondswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."
Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay ;
Yet much he praised the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay :
For lady's suit and minstrel's strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

" Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
" Of your fair courtesy,

I pray you bide some little space,
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
Or feat of arms befell:
The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
And love to couch a spear;—
St. George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbours near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern wars to learn;
I pray you for your lady's grace!"—
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign;
A mighty wassel-bowl he took,
And crown'd it high with wine.
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?
When last in Raby towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet
With tears he fain would hide;
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed;
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,

The slender silk to lead :
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom—when he sigh'd,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride !
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower ?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour ? "

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest ;
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply :
" That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarne :
Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage ? "—
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,
" No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide :
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower ;

And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light,
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

XVIII.

"Nay, if with royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court address'd,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me and mine a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton Tower."—

XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."—

XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;
Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.—
"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege we have not seen:
The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stinted meal a-day;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success the while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;

The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train ;
But then no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man :
A blithesome brother at the can,
A welcome guest in hall and bower,
He knows each castle, town, and tower,
In which the wine and ale is good,
'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,
In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife ;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply sworc,
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know ;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.—
" Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach ;
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away.
None can a lustier carol bawl,

The needfullest among us all,
When time hangs heavy in the hall,
And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,
And we can neither hunt, nor ride
A foray on the Scottish side.
The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill :
Last night to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke ; say forth thy say."—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome :
One that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine
In Araby and Palestine ;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen ;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod ;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness given.
He shows St James's cockle-shell ;
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale;
But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full loath were I that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Rood,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell or bead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay:
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,

"This man knows much—perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen'd at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long.
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."—

XXVII.

"Let pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
  On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop-shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
  Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;

The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
  Or look'd more high and keen ;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
  As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while !
And when he struggled at a smile,
  His eye looked haggard wild :
Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,
  She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
  And blanch at once the hair ;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
  More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;
The Palmer took on him the task,

So he would march with morning tide,
To Scottish court to be his guide.
"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound;
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore:
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!"

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drained it merrily;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle nought was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
And first the chapel doors unclose;
Then, after morning rites were done,
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)
And knight and squire had broke their fast
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse:
Then came the stirrup-cup in course:
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost;
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore:
Around the castle eddied slow
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough :
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made ;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red ;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook !

" Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say,
" The mighty stag at noon-tide lay :
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl ;
The mountain-boar, on battle set,

His tusks upon my stem would whet ;
While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay greenwood.
Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :
A thousand vassals muster'd round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
And foresters in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebuss below ;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely."

Of such proud huntings many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.
But not more blithe that silvan court,
Than we have been at humbler sport ;
Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
Remember'st thou my greyhounds true ?
O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.

Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Pass'd by the intermitted space ;
For we had fair resource in store,
In Classic and in Gothic lore :
We mark'd each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between ;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song.
All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !
No longer, from thy mountains dun,
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,
And while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills !"
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh ;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon :
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace ;
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafened ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear :
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot :
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal ;

Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side, with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground!
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still
Of the lone mountain and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain ;
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie ;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness :
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;

In summer tide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton long'd to spend his age.
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake and mountain's side,
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;"
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave—
That Wizard-Priest's, whose bones are thrust

From company of holy dust ;
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave:
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire ;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard-Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home !
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I clear'd
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)
Something most matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice ;
And deem each hour, to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease ;
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war :
And my black Palmer's choice had been

Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore ;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar ;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven ;
Through the rude barriers of the lake
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung :
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

CANTO SECOND.

The Convent.

I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold—
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,

And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim

To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems emboss'd.
The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reform'd on Benedictine school;
Her cheek was pale, her form was spare;
Vigils, and penitence austere,
Had early quenched the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame, in sooth;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey;
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair;
As yet a novice unprofess'd,
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.

She was betroth'd to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land:
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seem'd to mark the waves below;
Nay, seem'd, so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there;
There saw she, where some careless hand
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,
To hide it till the jackals come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
These charms might tame the fiercest breast;
Harpers have sung, and poets told,
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame
Oft put the lion's rage to shame:

And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practised with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner's harmless life.
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland ;
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son ;
At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
To the good Saint who own'd the cell ;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore ;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown ;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
And girdled in the Saint's domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface
Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its battled walls,
The ancient Monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,

Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hymn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rushed emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made:

All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam:
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry "Fye upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
"This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."—
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.

They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street and Rippon saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,

Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
  Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
  (Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)
  Before his standard fled.
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again,
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name:
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
  And hear his anvil sound;
A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
  And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,

Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone that vault
Than the worst dungeon cell :
Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment ;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reach'd the upper air,
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoan'd their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay ; and still more few
Were those, who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung ;

The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shown,
Whose look is hard and stern,—

Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied ;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair,)
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy ;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,

And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there ;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed ;
One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds ;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,—
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash ;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak !
For there were seen in that dark wall
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall ;—
Who enters at such grisly door
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.

In each a slender meal was laid
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,
And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired;
  Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
  Strove, by deep penance, to efface
    Of some foul crime the stain;
  For, as the vassals of her will,
  Such men the Church selected still,
  As either joy'd in doing ill,
    Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

XXV.

And now that old blind Abbot rose,
  To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
  Alive, within the tomb;
But stopp'd, because that woful Maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.

Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain ;
Her accents might no utterance gain ;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip ;
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem'd to hear a distant rill,—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

At length an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By Autumn's stormy sky ;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,
And arm'd herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace,
Well know I, for one moment's space
Successless might I sue :
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain,
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listen'd to a traitor's tale,

I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bow'd my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.—
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.—
'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me.

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favourite's aim;
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray'd,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And, hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout 'Marmion! Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!'
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here?
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear?

How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.—

XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried;
'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remain'd—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:—
This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amidst disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair;
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;

Sinful brother, part in peace!"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they take,
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

Like April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the Autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past ;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race ;
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular ;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees ;
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song ?—
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme
To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse

For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,
Thine hours to poetry are lent,
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source ;
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom ;
Instructive of the feebler bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard ;
From them, and from the paths they show'd,
Choose honour'd guide and practised road :
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.
"Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable hearse ?
What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty ?—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrivall'd light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburgh arose !
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief !—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief !—not thine the power
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield !
Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,

And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given ;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal !
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close ;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S tomb.
" Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach :
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar.
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,
Against the Invincible made good ;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ and metal'd Swede,
On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd ;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatched, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.
" Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,

Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
When she, the bold enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame !
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it, with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again."

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
With praises not to me belonging,
In task more meet for mightiest powers,
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
That secret power by all obey'd,
Which warps not less the passive mind,
Its source conceal'd, or undefin'd ;
Whether an impulse, that has birth
Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
One with our feelings and our powers,
And rather part of us than ours ;
Or whether fitlier term'd the sway
Of habit form'd in early day ?
Howe'er derived, its force confest
Rules with despotic sway the breast,
And drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain.
Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whitened wall
Beside the dank and dull canal ?
He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.

Or see yon weather-beaten hind,
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek
His northern clime and kindred speak ;
Through England's laughing meads he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows ;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spires and forests intervene,
And the neat cottage peeps between ?
No ! not for these would he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range ;
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time ;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale ;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed ;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;

And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd ;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power ;
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still, with trump and clang,
The gateway's broken arches rang ;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars ;
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd ;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire !
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-haired Sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been ;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought ;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint ;
Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke ;
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child ;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtur'd, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still ;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimm'd the eglantine ;
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays ;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flatten'd thought or cumbrous line ;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale !

CANTO THIRD.

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.

The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been passed before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,

Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein :
The village inn seem'd large, though rude ;
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung ;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall :
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer ;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savoury haunch of deer.
The chimney arch projected wide ;
Above, around it, and beside,
Were tools for housewives' hand ;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.
Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And view'd around the blazing hearth.

His followers mix in noisy mirth ;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest ;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made ;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May,
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower :—
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fire to Zembla's frost.

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood ;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell ;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper'd forth his mind :–
"Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight ?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the fire-brand's fickle light
Glances beneath his cowl !
Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;
For his best palfrey would not I
Endure that sullen scowl."

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
The ever-varying fire-light show
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now call'd upon a squire :
"Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away ?
We slumber by the fire."

VIII.

"So please you," thus the youth rejoin'd,
"Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
Ill may we hope to please your ear,
Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.
The harp full deftly can he strike,

And wake the lover's lute alike ;
To dear Saint Valentine no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
No nightingale her love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
Detains from us his melody,
Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.
Now must I venture, as I may,
To sing his favourite roundelay."

IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
The air he chose was wild and sad ;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song :
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,
As it came soften'd up the hill,
And deem'd it the lament of men
Who languish'd for their native glen ;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehana's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again !

X.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever

From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never !

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never !

XII

It ceased, the melancholy sound ;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad ; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill
And shameful death were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds of native pride and force
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !
Fear for their scourge mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave !

Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling to Fitz-Eustace, said—
"Is it not strange that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?"
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The livelong day he had not spoke),
"The death of a dear friend."

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scarcely brook
Even from his King a haughty look,
Whose accent of command controll'd
In camps the boldest of the bold;
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now—
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow:
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps that when within
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter! By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.
Not that he augur'd of the doom
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth because in wild despair
She practised on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victim but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear;
Secure his pardon he might hold
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deem'd the favourite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deem'd, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well
And safe secured in distant cell;
But waken'd by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose;

And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on his soul return'd;
Lovely as when at treacherous call
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,
Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that mien!
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks:
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair;
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love!
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell!
How brook the stern monastic laws!
The penance how—and I the cause!—
Vigil and scourge, perchance even worse!"
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
Like damp upon a kindling flame;
And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge

She should be safe, though not at large?
They durst not, for their island, shred
One golden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,
Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you who stray
From Scotland's simple land away
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told."—
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love),
And Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the Host thus gladly told:—

XIX.

The Host's Tale.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander fill'd our throne,
(Third monarch of that warlike name),
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:
A braver never drew a sword;
A wiser never, at the hour

Of midnight, spoke the word of power :
The same, whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies :
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toil'd a mortal arm ;
It all was wrought by word and charm ;
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamour and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
Sounded as loud as ocean's war
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep labouring with uncertain thought ;
Even then he muster'd all his host,
To meet upon the western coast :
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the frith of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norweyan warriors grim,
Savage of heart, and large of limb ;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried not his garb to change,
But in his wizard habit strange
Came forth—a quaint and fearful sight ;

His mantle lined with fox-skins white ;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's magi wore ;
His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell ;
Upon his breast a pentacle ;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;
And in his hand he held prepared,
A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

" Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face ;
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,
As one unused to upper day ;
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly sire
In his unwonted wild attire ;
Unwonted, for traditions run,
He seldom thus beheld the sun.
' I know,' he said (his voice was hoarse,
And broken seem'd its hollow force),
' I know the cause, although untold,
Why the King seeks his vassal's hold :
Vainly from me my liege would know
His kingdom's future weal or woe ;
But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

" ' Of middle air the demons proud,
Who ride upon the racking cloud,

Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
The issues of events afar;
But still their sullen aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force controll'd.
Such late I summon'd to my hall;
And though so potent was the call
That scarce the deepest nook of hell
I deem'd a refuge from the spell,
Yet, obstinate in silence still,
The haughty demon mocks my skill.
But thou—who little know'st thy might,
As born upon that blessed night,
When yawning graves and dying groan
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown—
With untaught valour shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.'
'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And by this good and honour'd brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide.'
His bearing bold the wizard view'd,
And, thus well pleased, his speech renew'd:
'There spoke the blood of Malcolm!—mark:
Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,
The rampart seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance and spur thy steed—
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—

If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King
To that old camp's deserted round:
Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
Left-hand the town—The Pictish race
The trench, long since, in blood did trace:
The moor around is brown and bare,
The space within is green and fair.
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild-flowers grow;
But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circle in the night!
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
Gives ample space for full career:
Opposed to the four points of heaven,
By four deep gaps are entrance given.
The southernmost our Monarch past,
Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
And on the north, within the ring,
Appear'd the form of England's King,
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palestine waged holy war;
Yet arms like England's did he wield,
Alike the leopards in the shield,
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,
The rider's length of limb the same:
Long afterwards did Scotland know
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

"The vision made our Monarch start,
But soon he mann'd his noble heart,

And in the first career they ran,
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man ;
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And razed the skin—a puny wound.
The King, light leaping to the ground,
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compell'd the future war to show.
Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain,
Memorial of the Danish war ;
Himself he saw, amid the field,
On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,
And strike proud Haco from his car,
While all around the shadowy Kings
Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.
'Tis said, that, in that awful night,
Remoter visions met his sight,
Foreshowing future conquests far,
When our sons' sons wage northern war ;
A royal city, tower, and spire,
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore
Triumphant to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain—
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

" The joyful king turn'd home again,
Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane ;
But yearly, when return'd the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart ;
Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
' Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay

The penance of your start.'
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,
Our Lady give him rest!
Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill's breast;
And many a knight hath proved his chance
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight and Gilbert Hay.
Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman-throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign,
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline:
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:

Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew.—

XXVIII.

" Fitz-Eustace ! rise,—I cannot rest ;—
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my mood :
The air must cool my feverish blood :
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of Elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed ;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves ;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid ;
Eustace the stable-door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said :—

XXIX.

" Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,
Down from his steed of marble fell,

A weary wight forlorn ?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe !
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite ;—
Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
That one so wary held, and wise,—
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
For gospel what the church believed,—
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind ;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
  Come town-ward rushing on ;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then, clattering on the village road,—
In other pace than forth he yode,
  Return'd Lord Marmion.
Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell ;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spoke no word as he withdrew ;
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay ;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee,
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short ; for still, between,
Would dreams of terror intervene :
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO JAMES SKENE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"
That motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jaques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand;
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With chequer'd shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken
Somewhat of manners saw, and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,

When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow Shore.
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again :
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly ;
The shepherd, who in summer sun
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen ;—
He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide ;—
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dark and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.

Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid ;
His flock he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs, and mountain sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale :
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,

His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirn's loud revelry.
His native hill-notes tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene ?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age :
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy ;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given ;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou, of late, wert doom'd to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end,
Speak more the father than the friend :
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade ;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,

Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honour'd urn,
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
"Thy father's friend forget thou not;"
And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave:—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again;
When doing nought,—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do,—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay.
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;
Thou gravely labouring to pourtray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray;

I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, yclep'd the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud ;
The stream was lively, but not loud ;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head :
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossom'd bough than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours
When Winter stript the Summer's bowers.
Careless we heard, what now I hear,
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay ;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he, whose absence we deplore,
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more ;
And thou, and I, and dear-loved Rae,
And one whose name I may not say,—
For not Mimosa's tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
In merry chorus well combined,
With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.
Mirth was within ; and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
Not but amid the buxom scene
Some grave discourse might intervene—
Of the good horse that bore him best,

His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,
Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
Such nights we've had; and, though the game
Of manhood be more sober tame,
And though the field-day, or the drill,
Seem less important now—yet still
Such may we hope to share again.
The sprightly thought inspires my strain:
And mark, how, like a horseman true,
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Camp.

I.

Eustace, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew.
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call,
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
Whistling they came, and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part
Of something disarranged.
Some clamour'd loud for armour lost;
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.

While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
Of the good steed he loves so well?"
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one who would seem wisest, cried,—
"What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvell'd at the wonders told,—
Pass'd them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
"Ill thou deservest thy hire," he said;
"Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?

Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam!
I trust that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home:
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro."—
The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
"Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."
Here stayed their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,

The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's meed."
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind ;
Perchance to show his lore design'd ;
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall-window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or De Worde.
Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,
For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far :
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain ;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, showed
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang ;
On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;
Each at his trump a banner wore,

Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age ;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on King's errand come ;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home ;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume.
From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double tressure might you see,
First by Achaius borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the King's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazon'd brave,
The Lion, which his title gave ;

A train, which well beseem'd his state,
But all unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms!

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
Soon as he saw the Lion-King;
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,
Whom royal James himself had crown'd,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem:
And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honours much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry.

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.

The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain :
Strict was the Lion-King's command,
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
Should sever from the train :
"England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes :"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;
For there the Lion's care assign'd
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne :
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose ;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands ;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,

Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame
To welcome noble Marmion, came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,

Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold ;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side :
Long may his Lady look in vain !
She ne'er shall see his gallant train
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the King's own guest ;—
Such the command of royal James,
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise,—
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walk'd,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talked ;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard

Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war:
And, closer question'd, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

XV.

Sir David Lindesay's Tale.

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake;
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is, to our Sovereign dear,
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

XVI.

"When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome

The King, as wont, was praying ;
While, for his royal father's soul,
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming ;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stain'd casement gleaming ;
But, while I marked what next befell,
It seem'd as I were dreaming.
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white ;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair. —
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,—
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on,—
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John !

XVII.

" He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,

And little reverence made ;
Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice—but never tone
So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone ;—
'My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array ;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware :
God keep thee as he may ! '—
The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek
For answer, and found none ;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass'd ;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanish'd from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast
That glances but, and dies."

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale ;
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke :—" Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause
Could e'er control their course ;
And, three days since, had judged your aim

Was but to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught.—" He staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid :
But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare ;
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

" In vain," said he, " to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head :
Fantastic thoughts returned ;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I pass'd through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

" Thus judging, for a little space
I listen'd, ere I left the place ;

But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they serv'd me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight and mix'd affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?—
I roll'd upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;

For ne'er, from vizor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;
But when to good Saint George I pray'd,
(The first time e'er I ask'd his aid,)
He plunged it in the sheath ;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seem'd to vanish from my sight :
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there,
Call'd by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air :
Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount ;
Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had happ'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
" And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul and Auchnaslaid
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.

And yet whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
  On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
  These midnight terrors vain ;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin."—
Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
  Then press'd Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said,
And here their farther converse staid,
  Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
  Such was the King's command.

XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
And I could trace each step they trode :
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
Lies on the path to me unknown.
Much might it boast of storied lore ;
But, passing such digression o'er,
Suffice it that their route was laid
Across the furzy hills of Braid.
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
And climb'd the opposing bank, until
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
  Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,

A truant boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steeple jangling loud,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
And o'er the landscape as I look,
Nought do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.

But different far the change has been,
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown :
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down :—
A thousand, did I say ? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town ;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular ;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green :
In these extended lines there lay,
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,

Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—
He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
Until within him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;
Such glance did falcon never dart,
When stooping on his prey.
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were but a vain essay:
For, by St. George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal, nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
In glorious battle-fray!"
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,—
"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
That Kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest,
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And, as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law:
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And making demi-volte in air,

Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!"
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,
Did up the mountain come;
The whilst the bells, with distant chime.
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindesay spoke:
"Thus clamour still the war-notes when
The King to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to Saint Katharine's of Sienne,
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame;
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blither was their cheer,
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,
In signal none his steed should spare,
But strive which foremost might repair
To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

"Nor less," he said,—"when looking forth,
I view yon empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace's imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,

Her stately halls and holy towers—
Nor less," he said, "I moan,
To think what woe mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant King;
Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!
Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in bower,
Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a King."—
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
In the succeeding lay.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

Edinburgh.

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away ;
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard ;
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed ;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring ;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains ;
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home ;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome, with renew'd delight,
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
Since on her dusky summit ranged,
Within its steepy limits pent,
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
She for the charmed spear renown'd,
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco's guest,

She gave to flow her maiden vest ;
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved ;
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
Erst hidden by the aventayle ;
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilom, in midnight fight,
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares a while ;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disarray'd
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid,
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown ;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North !
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line ;
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.

Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who fight for The Good Town,
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for Tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely dames, to see,
Creation of my fantasy,
Than gaze abroad on rèeky fen,
And make of mists invading men.—
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon?
The moonlight than the fog of frost?
And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear,
Famed Beauclerc call'd, for that he loved
The minstrel, and his lay approved?
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion's stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung?—
O! born, Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care;
Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
Was poising for the final blow,
The weapon from his hand could wring,
And break his glass, and shear his wing,
And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay
An unpedantic moral gay,
Nor less the dullest theme bid flit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honour'd, and beloved,—
Dear Ellis! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,

And boast affliction's pangs subdued,
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

I.

The train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.

Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare.
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes ;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought ;
And little deem'd their force to feel,
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through ;
And much he marvell'd one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,
Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And high curvett, that not in vain
The sword sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.
He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,
For vizor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;
But burnish'd were their corslets bright,

Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight.
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well ;
Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
As loath to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand ;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie ;
More dreadful far his ire,
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.

His peaceful day was slothful ease ;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame ;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers, to guard their townships, bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, maraud the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
Look'd on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord array'd
In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
"Hist, Ringan ! seest thou there !
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride ?—
O ! could we but on Border-side,
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair !
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistering hide ;
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
Could make a kirtle rare."

V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man ;

Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,
And wild and garish semblance made
The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare
On Marmion as he pass'd;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted Red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head:
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
And reach'd the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,

Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show:
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang;
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street;
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassel, mirth, and glee:

King James within her princely bower
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,

While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff'd, to Marmion bending low,
His broider'd cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild ;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled ;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown :
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright ;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare :
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size ;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair ;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists ;
And, oh ! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—

Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet bower;
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:
To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;

And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
  In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd
The ruin of himself and land!
  And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
  From Margaret's eyes that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
  And weeps the weary day
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:—
And in gay Holy-rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
  Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
  The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
  Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring;

And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yea and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play !
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung :—

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "—

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

XIII.

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung ;

And, pressing closer and more near,
He whisper'd praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied ;
And ladies wink'd and spoke aside.
The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seem'd to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest too
A real or feign'd disdain :
Familiar was the look, and told
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeas'd surprise ·
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission show'd :
" Our borders sack'd by many a raid,
Our peaceful liegemen robb'd," he said ;
" On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain ;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view'd :
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
On Lauder's dreary flat :

Princes and favourites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,
Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could, in youth, a monarch's ire
And minion's pride withstand ;
And even that day at Council board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant form, like ruin'd tower,
Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower :
His locks and beard in silver grew ;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the monarch stood,
His bitter speech he thus pursued :
" Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay—
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to Lindisfarne,
Until my herald come again.

Then rest you in Tantallon Hold ;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd ;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first-fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."
And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer nought could Angus speak ;
His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break :
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek
A burning tear there stole.
His hand the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook :
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,
Angus, my hasty speech forgive !
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never King did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true :

Forgive me, Douglas, once again."—
And, while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain.
To seize the moment Marmion tried,
And whisper'd to the King aside :
"Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed !
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A stripling for a woman's heart :
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye ! "

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood.
"Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
"Southward I march by break of day ;
And if within Tantallon strong
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd grave the royal vaunt :
"Much honour'd were my humble home,
If in its halls King James should come ;
But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby hills the paths are steep ;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;
And many a banner will be torn,

And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!'—
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.
The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which saint she should implore;
For, when she thought of Constance, sore
She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under Heaven
By these defenceless maids:

Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street;
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing

On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moonbeam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.—
A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI.

"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—
"For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—
For His dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love,—
How vain to those who wed above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came;)
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despiteously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—

And down he threw his glove :—the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the King ;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Gueldres he had known ;
And that between them then there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his castle sent ;
But when his messenger return'd,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd !
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.
His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear, by spear and shield ;—
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above !
Perchance some form was unobserved ;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;
Else how could guiltless champion quail,
Or how the blessed ordeal fail ?

XXII.

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
Repentant, own'd in vain,
That, while he had the scrolls in care,
A stranger maiden, passing fair,
Had drench'd him with a beverage rare ;
His words no faith could gain.
With Clare alone he credence won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair,
And die a vestal vot'ress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,

But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,
No, not since Saxon Edelfled ;
Only one trace of earthly strain,
That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
And murmurs at the cross.—
And then her heritage ;—it goes
Along the banks of Tame ;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble vot'ress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win ;
Yet hath our boisterous Monarch sworn,
That Clare shall from our house be torn ;
And grievous cause have I to fear
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betrayed
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God !
For mark :—When Wilton was betray'd,
And with his squire forged letters laid,

She was, alas! that sinful maid
  By whom the deed was done,—
O! shame and horror to be said!—
  She was a perjured nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
  That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
  Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour's stain,
  Illimitable power:
For this she secretly retain'd
  Each proof that might the plot reveal,
  Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
    Through sinners' perfidy impure,
    Her house's glory to secure,
  And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

"'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;
  With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true!
Who knows what outrage he might do,
  While journeying by the way?—
O, blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,
  Deep penance may I pay!—
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer:
I give this packet to thy care,
For thee to stop they will not dare;

And O! with cautious speed,
To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the King:
And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What ail'st thou?—Speak!"—For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly blown,
That on the breeze did die;
And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
"Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!
Look at yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison is said.)—
Then on its battlements they saw
A vision, passing Nature's law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
Figures that seem'd to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,

While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound, and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim ;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wavering tinge of flame ;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came :—

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names I now shall call,
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear !
Subjects of him who sent me here,
At his tribunal to appear,
I summon one and all :
I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within ;
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan !
When forty days are pass'd and gone,
I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,
To answer and appear."—
Then thunder'd forth a roll of names :—
The first was thine, unhappy James !
Then all thy nobles came ;
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,

Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—
Why should I tell their separate style?
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
The self-same thundering voice did say.—
But then another spoke:
"Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal Lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High,
Who burst the sinner's yoke."
At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move,
Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,
To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care,
To chapels and to shrines repair—
Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—

Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair
They journey in thy charge:
Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;
Angus, like Lindesay, did command,
That none should roam at large.
But in that Palmer's alter'd mien
A wondrous change might now be seen,
Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand,
When lifted for a native land;
And still look'd high, as if he plann'd
Some desperate deed afar.
His courser would he feed and stroke,
And, tucking up his sable frocke,
Would first his mettle bold provoke,
Then soothe or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,
By Eustace govern'd fair,
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
With all her nuns and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;
And safer 'twas, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies

Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;
He long'd to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land :
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest, by that meanness won
He almost loath'd to think upon,
Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honour's laws.
If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile,
Whose turrets view'd, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank'd the Scottish Prioress ;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass'd between.
O'erjoyed, the nuns their palfreys leave ;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,

Fitz-Eustace said,—"I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;
Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obey'd;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
Commanding that, beneath his care,
Without delay you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd;
But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,
Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.
"Cheer thee, my child!" the Abbess said,
"They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band."—
"Nay, holy mother, nay,"
Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,
In Scotland while we stay;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide
Befitting Gloster's heir;
Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e'en to stranger falls,

Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."
He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace ;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved ;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistertian shook :
"The Douglas and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obey'd ;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And "Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the monks forth of Coventry,
Bid him his fate explore !
Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
His charger hurl'd him to the dust,
And, by a base plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ;

He is a Chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse ;
Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
Even such weak minister as me
May the oppressor bruise :
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
The mighty in his sin,
And Jael thus, and Deborah "——
Here hasty Blount broke in :
" Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band ;
St. Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand
All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
To hear the lady preach ?
By this good light ! if thus we stay,
Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;
The Dame must patience take perforce."

XXXII.

" Submit we then to force," said Clare,
" But let this barbarous lord despair
His purposed aim to win ;
Let him take living, land, and life ;
But to be Marmion's wedded wife
In me were deadly sin :
And if it be the King's decree,
That I must find no sanctuary,
In that inviolable dome,
Where even a homicide might come,
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
The kinsmen of the dead ;
Yet one asylum is my own

Against the dreaded hour ;
A low, a silent, and a lone,
Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare ! ”
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows
Kind blessings many a one :
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
When o'er a height they pass'd,
And, sudden, close before them show'd
His towers, Tantallon vast ;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war,
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse.
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, and entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square :
Around were lodgings, fit and fair,
And towers of various form,

Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair?
Or why the tidings say,
Which, varying, to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,
With every varying day?
And, first, they heard King James had won
Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.
At that sore marvell'd Marmion;—
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland:
But whisper'd news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.—
Such acts to chroniclers I yield;
Go seek them there and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gather'd in the Southern land,

And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe, and swear :—
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day :
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy :
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

To RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mertoun-House, Christmas.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer,
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,

Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,

And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined;
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,
And flies constraint the magic wand
Of the fair dame that rules the land:
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
When not a leaf is on the bough.
Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
As loath to leave the sweet domain,
And holds his mirror to her face,
And clips her with a close embrace:—
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee!
For many a merry hour we've known,
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
Cease, then, my friend! a moment cease,
And leave these classic tomes in peace!
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
"Were pretty fellows in their day;"
But time and tide o'er all prevail—

On Christmas eve a Christmas tale-
Of wonder and of war—"Profane!
What! leave the lofty Latian strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms
To hear the clash of rusty arms:
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
To jostle conjurer and ghost,
Goblin and witch!"—Nay, Heber dear,
Before you touch my charter, hear;
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
My cause with many-languaged lore,
This may I say:—in realms of death
Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith;*
Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
The ghost of murder'd Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, *locutus Bos.*
As grave and duly speaks that ox,
As if he told the price of stocks;
Or held, in Rome republican,
The place of Common-councilman.

All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear.
To Cambria look—the peasant see,
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale:
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring:
Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

Did'st e'er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his blood-hounds lie:
An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,
Or ever hollow'd to a hound.
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic Priest;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun.
And neither yet has lost nor won.
And oft the Conjurer's words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clench'd the spell,
When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.
An hundred years are pass'd and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven,
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
Nor less the infernal summoning;
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can renew
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell you letters three;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can like the owner's self enjoy them?—
But, hark! I hear the distant drum!
The day of Flodden Field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth!

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I.

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuff'd the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day;
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame's devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
The Bloody heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign :
Above the booming ocean leant
The far projecting battlement ;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann'd ;
No need upon the sea-girt side ;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied ;
And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,

And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the sea-bird's cry ;
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
Along the dark grey bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
Look down with weary eye.
Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—
A home she ne'er might see again ;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown :
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorn'd her brow of snow ;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground ;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone ;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dress'd,
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,—

Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Charity;
Where oft Devotion's tranced glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision, and deep mystery;
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
Or lie my warm affections low,
With him that taught them first to glow?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now! condemn'd to bide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:

Of such a stem, a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break.

V.

"But see!—what makes this armour here?"—
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm;—she view'd them near.—
"The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou, 'gainst foeman's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton! Oh! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On yon disastrous day!"
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,

Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply :—

VI.

De Wilton's History.

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled,—
I found me on a pallet low,
Within my ancient beadsman's shed.
Austin,—Remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd,

My hated name and form to shade,
I journey'd many a land;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes uprear'd.
My friend at length fell sick, and said
God would remove him soon:
And, while upon his dying bed,
He begg'd of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en,
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish'd of my wound,—
None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!

And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
  Dark looks we did exchange:
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom muster'd Hell
  Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
  Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
  I borrow'd steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping band;
  And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and, counter'd hand to hand,—
  He fell on Gifford moor.
For the death-stroke my brand I drew
(O then my helmed head he knew,
  The Palmer's cowl was gone,)
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—
My hand the thought of Austin staid;
  I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could thy master save:
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
  That broke our secret speech—

It rose from the infernal shade,
Or featly was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight at Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the Dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
Ere morn, shall every breach repair;
For nought, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armour on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and grey-hair'd men;
The rest were all in Twisel glen.
And now I watch my armour here,
By law of arms till midnight's near;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

X.

"There soon again we meet, my Clare!
This Baron means to guide thee there:
Douglas reveres his King's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,

Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more"——"O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not an humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor?——
That reddening brow!—too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
While falsehood stains thy name:
Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
And weep a warrior's shame;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"

XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrazure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall:
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though seam'd with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,

You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy;
More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood:
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt!
And judge how Clara changed her hue,

While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight."—
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace and trouble;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!"—
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall him that blenches first!"

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the Royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,

"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,

Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They cross'd the heights of Stanrigmoor.
His troop more closely there he scann'd,
And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day;
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
"In what array?" said Marmion, quick.
"My Lord, I ill can spell the trick;
But all night long, with clink and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loop-hole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fair,

As fearful of the morning air ;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk :
Last night it hung not in the hall ;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed ;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master pray
To use him on the battle-day ;
But he preferr'd "——"Nay, Henry, cease !
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray
What did Blount see at break of day ? "—

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
(For then I stood by Henry's side,)
The Palmer mount, and outwards ride
Upon the Earl's own favourite steed :
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resembled that same knight,
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :
Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke ;—
"Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost !"
He mutter'd ; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross !

Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now? he told his tale
To Douglas; and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too! no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their march;
(There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge:

The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Lord Marmion look'd :—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines :
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending ;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scotch beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile ;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing ;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see ;
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,

And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!—
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;

Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed's river and the hill,
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,
To see fair England's standards fly."—
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,
And listen to our lord's behest."
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
"This instant be our band array'd;
The river must be quickly cross'd,
That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must,
The Lady Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.

Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And mutter'd, as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately.
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharm'd should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host for deadly fray;

Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth ;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid :
" Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
" You well may view the scene,
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—
Thou wilt not ?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train ;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire ; but spurr'd amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

" ——The good Lord Marmion, by my life !
Welcome to danger's hour !—
Short greeting serves in time of strife :—
Thus have I ranged my power ;
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go ;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share ;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
"Thanks, noble Surrey !" Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid ;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion ! Marmion !" that the cry,
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
On which (for far the day was spent,)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view :
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay !
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till

Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud envelóped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air ;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
But nought distinct they see :

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'Twas vain :—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
Loud were the clanging blows ;
Advanc'd,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose ;

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear ;
" By heaven and all its saints I swear,
I will not see it lost !
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too :—yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels ;—

She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—"Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! . . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master sped,—
And see, the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace: "peace!"

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;

Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down:—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd, "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

XXX.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For oozing from the mountain's side,

Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Gray .
Who . built . this . cross . and . well .
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare, he said,
Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
Then, as remembrance rose—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !"—
"Alas !" she said, "the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal !
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She——died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound ;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth," he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory !—
Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntley, and where Home ?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died !
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride !
In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.
"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away !"

And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;

Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
  Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
  While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
  To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
  Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
  And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
  Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
  May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
  And fell on Flodden plain:

And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the Monarch slain.
But, O! how changed since yon blithe night!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its site you look;
'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint Chad!
A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as "wede away:"
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.

The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en ;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
  They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
    But every mark is gone ;
  Time's wasting hand has done away
  The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
    And broke her font of stone ;
But yet out from the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
  Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;
  And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
  And plait their garlands fair ;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ;
If ever devious step thus trod,
Still led thee further from the road ;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,
That, all through Flodden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field.
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinsmen did agree,
To bless fair Clara's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state;
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke:
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare!"

L'Envoy.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede?
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
And patriotic heart—as Pitt!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

2. **sear** (dry or withered) is connected with the verb 'to sear,' meaning to burn dry.

3. The Scotch word 'linn' commonly means a waterfall as in 2. Int. 259. Here it means a precipitous ravine formed by a waterfall. "You approached Ashestiel through an old-fashioned garden with holly hedges and broad green terrace walks. On one side, close under the windows, is a deep ravine clothed with venerable trees, down which a mountain rivulet is heard, more than seen in its progress to the Tweed."—*Lockhart.* The word also means a pool formed at the bottom of a waterfall, and sometimes even an ordinary pool or lake without any connection with a waterfall. Thus 'Linlithgow' (4. xv. 4) is derived from 'linn,' though the neighbouring lake, from which the town takes its name, is not formed by a waterfall. Perhaps this variety of meaning may be due to the fact that the one form 'linn' represents the Icelandic *lind*, a waterfall, the Gaelic *linne*, a pool, and the A.S. *hlynna*, a torrent.

6. **ken**, discern. See l. xxiv. 13.

8. **trill**, trickle: cf.

> "And now and then an ample tear trilled down
> Her delicate cheek."—*Lear* iv. 3.

The word more generally means to play or sing in tremulous tones.

9. **now** is opposed to 'late' in l. 3.

frequent seen, seen frequently. It was now so swollen that scarcely any part of its course was concealed by the trees and shrubs growing on its banks.

11. **angry.** This is an instance of what Ruskin calls the pathetic fallacy, as the epithet used ascribes to an inanimate object the feelings of a living being: cf.

> "Pontem indignatus Araxes."—Virg. *Æn.* viii. 728.

14. The river Tweed is the boundary between England and Scotland.

18. The purple gleam of the Scotch hills is due to the fact that they are covered with heather, the purple flowers of which plant blossom in the beginning of autumn. By November the heather is no longer in flower, and consequently the hills lose their purple

hue and become russet or reddish brown from the withered vegetation which has succeeded to the vivid colouring of spring, summer, and autumn.

20. **A fell** is a barren, stony hill.

25. The words 'pines' and 'watery' are carefully chosen to increase the desolation of the picture. Even in the sheltered valley the herbage is scanty, and what little can be found is of the poorest description. Even when the sun shines, the strength of the sunbeams is weakened by the moist misty atmosphere through which they pass.

29. Far below the hills where they grazed in summer.

36. **the gathering blast**, the wind increasing in violence and threatening a storm.

37. An imp meant originally the slip of a plant, then a child, and it now means an inferior devil, in which sense it is sometimes applied jestingly to a roguish child. It would be difficult to determine whether Scott uses the word here of his own children in the second or third sense. The poet had a family of two girls and two boys, the eldest of whom was at this date nearly seven years old.

40. **the daisy** (by derivation 'the day's eye') is the commonest of English wild flowers, and a great favourite with children.

44. A spray is a small branch of a tree.

50. The birds with the music of their singing will accompany the dance of the lambs mentioned in the previous line. For 'round' in the sense of a circular dance, cf.

> "Knit your hands and beat the ground,
> In a light fantastic round."—Milton, *Comus* 143.

61, 62. This is an instance of the arrangement of words called chiasmus. In the previous line 'warlike' came first and 'wise' second. But in these two lines the order is reversed and the line referring to Pitt 'the wise' man precedes the line describing Nelson 'the warlike' man.

72. **his grave who**, the grave of him who. See l. 79 and notes on 2. XXXII. 15, 4. Int. 9. 'Gadite' is the adjective of Cadiz, which was called Gades by the Romans. Cape Trafalgar, off which Nelson won his great victory and received his death-wound, is about thirty miles south of the Spanish city of Cadiz. Perhaps the comparison in the following lines was suggested by the title of Duke of Bronte, as 'Bronte' is the Greek for thunder. Nelson received this title from the king of Naples and was very much pleased with it, for it was, he said, what would be called in Dahomey a strong name.

79. **his worth who**, the worth of him who: cf. line 72.

82. **Hafnia** is Copenhagen. The line refers to Nelson's three great victories, (1) The Battle of the Nile, 1798; (2) The Battle of Copenhagen, 1801; (3) The Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.

84. The younger Pitt was made Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the year 1783, when he was only twenty-four years old.

89. Although Pitt might have used his high position as a means of enriching himself, he died in debt.

92. Reference is here made to the serious internal disturbances with which England was troubled about the end of last century. There were bread riots in 1795 and 1800, and the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797 threatened to deprive the country of the defence of the navy. Pitt is here represented as turning the turbulent spirit of energy manifested by his countrymen in riots and mutinies to the vigorous prosecution of the war, which was then being waged to defend the liberties of Europe against French aggression. Perhaps a special reference is intended to the year 1803, when the English people, forgetting "the pressure of taxation, the desire for a reformed House of Commons, the remembrance of despotic acts of government, the sympathy with republican France," mustered nearly four hundred thousand strong to defend England against Napoleon's threatened invasion. In this great volunteer movement Pitt took a very active part, and himself as Warden of the Cinque Ports commanded three thousand volunteers whom he assiduously drilled.

96. An Alexandrine or six-footed line is here introduced so as to give emphasis to the spirited conclusion of this long sentence.

97-104 make up a conditional sentence. "If thou hadst lived," says the poet, "our pilots would have kept course aright, and thy strength would have propped the throne."

104. George III. was sixty-eight years old when Pitt died, and before many years had elapsed after that event, became quite insane.

105. **broke** for 'broken,' see note on l. XXI. 35. In O.E. the past participle sometimes appears as 'ibroke' or 'broke.'

This and the three following lines were quoted with effect by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the 3rd of July, 1850, on the occasion of the death of Sir Robert Peel.

107. Pitt's melodious voice is compared to the silvery sound of a trumpet. 'Still' is an adjective meaning silent.

108. The warder (is) silent. For the etymology of 'warder' see l. III. 12 (note).

111. Pitt guiding the destinies of England is compared to

Palinurus, the helmsman of Aeneas. When Palinurus was steering the ship of Aeneas, he refused to trust the rudder to the God of Sleep, who thereupon threw him and the helm, which he would not let go, into the sea. His loss was first detected by the wandering course of the ship. Pitt like Palinurus refused to leave his post, although the hard work and anxiety he had to endure were killing him. When he died, his colleagues were unable to conduct the administration and had to resign almost immediately.

116. His colleagues were found utterly unable to direct the policy of the state without his assistance.

119, 120. These lines contrast the peaceful sound of the English church bells with the bloody tocsin, which was sounded in Paris as a signal for the commencement of the revolutionary massacres of September, 1792.

128. **Requiescat in pace** (may he rest in peace) is a kindly wish for the dead.

130-141. These twelve lines are an expansion of six lines of the original manuscript. The addition was made at the suggestion of Lord Abercorn, who suggested to him, while he was correcting a second proof of the passage, that the compliment to the Whig statesman ought to be still further heightened. The six original lines are quoted in Lockhart's Life of Scott.

139. Scott here gently alludes to Fox's reckless gambling and other excesses in private life.

142. **here** means in Westminster Abbey where the tombs of Pitt and Fox are at a distance of a few feet from each other. The Abbey is full of the tombs and monuments of the most illustrious kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, and literary men that England has produced. Burial in Westminster Abbey is the greatest honour an Englishman can obtain after death. Thus Nelson before the battle of the Nile is said to have declared that he would win a peerage or Westminster Abbey, meaning thereby that he would gain the highest reward of honour either in this life or after death.

146. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*—

> "Where through the long drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

The notes seem very slowly to die away into silence as they wander through the great Abbey. Fretted aisles are aisles adorned with much carved work. They are represented as prolonging the sound of the music, not only by their length, but also by the intricate carving which may be imagined to detain the notes. Wordsworth expresses the same idea in his sonnet

on King's College, Cambridge, where he describes the branching roof as

> "Scoop'd into ten thousand cells
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
> Lingering and wandering on as loath to die."

148. The first angelic proclamation of "peace on earth and goodwill to men" was heard by some shepherds near Bethlehem immediately after the birth of Jesus.—Luke ii. 13.

152. **partial feeling cast aside**, partiality having been cast aside.

154. Pitt died in January, 1806, and Fox was Foreign Secretary in the Ministry that came into power in the following February. Fox had always advocated peace with France, and on his accession to power he entered into negotiations. But when the French Emperor insisted on terms that would have been dishonourable to England, the negotiations were broken off. At about the time when war was renewed, Napoleon's position was so powerful that he might be said to have all Europe at his feet. Neither Russia, nor Austria, nor Prussia seemed capable of offering England much help in the struggle. When Fox was conducting the negotiations, it transpired that D'Oubril, the Russian minister at Paris, had been frightened into making with France a separate peace which sacrificed the interests of Russia and her allies. Austria had been crushed by the battle of Austerlitz (Dec. 1805), and Prussia was completely overthrown by the battle of Jena (Oct. 1806). In his life of Napoleon, Scott gives an elaborate explanation to account for the fact that Austria was not so utterly prostrated by Austerlitz as Prussia was by Jena. As Fox died before the battle of Jena, Scott here, as Sir G. C. Lewis has pointed out, commits an anachronism, in representing him as boldly continuing the war after that disaster. The poet seems to attribute to Fox the policy pursued after his death by the Ministry to which he had belonged.

If we decide that it is impossible that Scott could have committed such an anachronism in referring to contemporary events, we must then explain the lines by reference to the real state of affairs before the death of Fox, and say that the "timorous slave" was Alexander, Emperor of Russia, who shared in the defeat of Austerlitz and agreed to lead his forces back to Russia without striking another blow. The Prussians had intended to declare war against Napoleon, but when the battle of Austerlitz had been fought, Hangwitz, the Prussian minister, made a peace with France, surrendering territory and renouncing the treaty of Potsdam and the oath of the tomb, by which the Emperors of Russia and Prussia had devoted themselves to effect the liberation of Germany. Thus between Austerlitz and Jena, Prussia proved such a "broken reed" that Fox had actually to declare

war against her. Can we explain 'broke' by this temporary desertion of the common cause of Europe on the part of Prussia? As 'bent' undoubtedly refers to the defeat of Austerlitz, 'broke,' which is in antithesis to 'bent,' would much more naturally refer to a still greater military overthrow, so that the former interpretation seems on the whole better.

The panegyric of Fox did not give entire satisfaction to the Whigs. "The manner in which he (Scott) has chosen," writes Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, "to praise the last of these great men (Fox), is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt! It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero, Marmion."

157. D'Oubril mentioned in the note on l. 154 was the 'timorous slave.' The unfortunate treaty that was extorted from his fears was afterwards repudiated by the Russian Emperor.

159. **the sullied** etc., refused to listen to overtures for an inglorious peace. The olive tree is an emblem of peace.

161. **colours**, flags.

This is a metaphor from naval warfare. When a captain wishes to surrender his ship to the enemy, he lowers his flag, so that the enemy, knowing thereby that he does not intend further resistance, may cease firing. But if the colours are nailed to the mast, this operation cannot be performed. Therefore captains, who are determined not to surrender their ships, sometimes nail their colours to the mast.

169. **jostling** has no noun or pronoun to agree with. The foregoing line is equivalent to, 'They did not run a common party race,' and 'jostling' may be said to agree with the pronoun 'they' that is implied in the sense, though it does not occur in the words, of the previous line. For a similar sense construction see l. XXII. 11 (note).

173. The noblest of the land marched under their banners and looked up to them. To look up implies reverence.

176. '**wizard**,' from 'witch,' is an instance of a masculine formed from a feminine: cf. 'widower' from 'widow,' and 'bridegroom' from 'bride.' Such formations occur when the feminine noun is more frequently used than the masculine.

180. The magic power of these two great names can no longer be exercised in behalf of England, and the men who survive

after their death are as inferior to them as the dregs of a cup are to the bright wine that has been drunk out of it.

184. **thought** is in apposition to the sentence. The thought, that these great men are dead, should be "taming to human pride."

186. The imperatives 'drop' (186), 'sound' (188), and 'search' (194), are equivalent to conditional sentences.

196. Rest till the last day when the destruction of the present world announces the approach of the general resurrection.

202, 203. **though not unmarked** etc., though you heard and did not leave unnoticed the Border Minstrel's verse that came from the northern clime of Scotland. 'Unmarked' agrees with 'rhyme.' Scott calls himself the Border Minstrel because he was the editor of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and had told a tale of the Borders in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Both Fox and Pitt expressed their admiration of the *Lay*. The latter once, at his own dinner table, after having declared his intention of doing something for the poet, "repeated some lines from the *Lay*, describing the old harper's embarrassment, and said, 'This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry.'"

204. Gothic is opposed to classical. The Goths were one of the most important of the barbarian races that overthrew the Roman Empire. Hence the adjective 'Gothic' came to be applied as in l. 222 to the architecture of modern Europe as opposed to Greek and Roman architecture. The word is also sometimes applied as here to poetry not based on classical models or treating classical subjects. Scott's poetry has often been compared to the specimens of Gothic architecture that he is so fond of describing.

205. Another Alexandrine to give a weighty termination to the paragraph, as in l. 96. In ll. 123, 124, 125, the same effect is produced by a triplet.

206-231. The general meaning of this paragraph is that the poet by an effort of imagination sees before him all the glories of Westminster Abbey, and feels the same high emotions that he would feel, if he were actually there looking on the tombs of Pitt and Fox; but the illusion is only temporary, the vision fades away, and he once more sees around him only the bleak view described in the opening lines of the introduction. For a similar effort of the imagination exercised on a more homely subject, see Wordsworth's "Reverie of poor Susan," Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, CCLI.

212. The more rapid circulation which is the physiological accompaniment of mental excitement.

218. **may**, can. See l. XXI. 4 (note).

220. The delicate tracery produced by frost during the night on panes of glass and leaves of flowers disappears in the morning. The same comparison had been made before by Rogers in his *Pleasures of Memory*, published 1792.

> "If but a beam of sober reason play,
> Lo! Fancy's fairy frost work melts away.'

232. 'Prompt' agrees with 'son' in the following line.

242. **trips it**, to trip. 'It' is a cognate accusative, and does not add to the meaning of the verb: cf.

> "Come and trip it as you go,
> On the light fantastic toe."—Milton, *L'Allegro* 37.

247. In the estimation of the simple minded shepherd he seems to be a very learned man.

254. **palsied hand**, hand that makes palsied: cf. such expressions as gaunt famine, pale death, and 'dizzy steep' (6. II. 1). The adjective in such cases gives the result of the operation of the noun with which it agrees.

256. **in steely weeds**, in iron armour. The word 'weeds' still means clothes in the expression 'widow's weeds': cf. 5. VI. 33, 6. VI. 24.

258. The Champion of the Lake was Launcelot, the most accomplished of those Knights of the Round Table, whose history is narrated in the Romance of the Morte d'Arthur. Some of Launcelot's adventures are alluded to in the following lines. Launcelot and his love for Guenever or Ganore have become familiar to the English reading public in the pages of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

263. **grace to move**, in order to win the favour.

268. He undertook the task of finding the Sangreal, although it was a task in which only the holiest could hope to succeed, and he was guilty of a secret sin that he had not confessed. Scott in his own note on the passage says that "one day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten (a precious relic which had long remained concealed from human eyes because of the sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guinever, or Ganore."

273. Spenser's epic *The Faery Queen* is called elfin because a

large number of the characters are elves or fairies. The whole poem, being full of fairies and allegorical personages, is lacking in human interest, and is more like a dream than a narrative of actual events. The fact that the legendary king Arthur is the hero of the poem shows that Spenser was, like Scott, an admirer of the old romances.

274. Milton is also fond of alluding to the Morte d'Arthur: cf. such passages as *Paradise Lost* i. 580, and

> "Fairer than feigned of old or fabled since
> Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
> By knight of Logres or of Lyones
> Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore."
> *Paradise Regained* ii. 358.

275. "Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an 'Essay on Satire,' addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds:—

"'Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such poem), and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is paticularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel, which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons, (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line),—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II.,

my little salary ill paid, and no prospects of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt: and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me.—*Scott.*'"

282. The verb 'defrauded' has for subject 'king' and 'court' and for object 'the world.' The high design was Dryden's intention of writing an epic poem about King Arthur. Scott was at this time studying Dryden, a collected edition of whose works he brought out in April, 1808.

283. This is an Alexandrine line. See note on l. 96. The grandeur of Dryden's heroic couplets made Gray compare them to

"Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder crowned and long resounding pace."

285. Our fathers were inferior to their ancestors, and we are even inferior to our fathers. Scott is here misled by the common tendency to exaggerate the greatness of past ages, and think that "there were giants in those days." When we take an impartial survey of English history, we find that the poets, statesmen, and warriors who lived in England at the commencement of the nineteenth century are quite equal to those of any previous age. Even the common idea of the physical degeneration of modern times is disproved by the fact that the old suits of armour preserved in the Tower of London are too small for ordinary Englishmen of the present day.

286. Those who engaged in a tournament generally broke their lances when they met their opponents. Thus 'to break a lance' means 'to try one's strength.'

292. With 'sound' understand 'well may we essay to' from the beginning of the paragraph.

293. **prick.** See l. XIX. 3.

295. **brand.** See l. XV. 15.

297. **wizard.** See l. 176 (note).

300. Love, Mystery, Honour, Attention, Fear, Courtesy, Faith, and Valour weave their spells around the genius of Chivalry.

303. A spotless shield is here, as in 6. XXIX. 14, an emblem of spotless integrity.

310. The fair achievement consisted of Mr. Rose's metrical versions of *Amadis of Gaul* and *Partenopex de Blois*, two old chivalrous romances. See lines 320-325.

312. Ytene was the ancient name of the New Forest in Hampshire, near which Mr. Rose lived.

314. Ascapart, a giant thirty feet high, is a most important

personage in the *History of Bevis of Hampton*, which Scott's friend Mr. Ellis had abridged.

315. **that Red King** was William Rufus, who was slain, while hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrell. He was called Rufus (red) on account of his red hair.

320. Amadis was called Amadis of Gaul, that is, of Gaula (Wales). Gaul more usually means ancient France or an inhabitant of ancient France.

321. **in hall** is opposed to 'in the battle-field.' Amadis was as graceful and courteous in peace as he was valiant in war. For this meaning of 'in hall,' compare Scott's *Jock o' Hazeldean*:—

> "His step is first in peaceful ha' (hall),
> His sword in battle keen."

324. **wove.** See note on l. XXI. 35.

325. See note on l. 310.

327. This line has five feet.

CANTO FIRST.

1. "The ruinous castle of Norham is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any war happened in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank which overhangs the river."—*Scott.*

steep is a noun meaning a precipitous cliff: cf.

> "Britannia needs no bulwarks,
> No towers along the steep."—*Campbell.*

4. The donjon, keep, or donjon-keep in a castle was the strongest tower, to which the garrison retreated when they could no longer defend the outer walls. As prisoners were often confined for greater safety in the lowest room of the castle's strongest tower, the word 'dungeon,' which is only a different spelling of 'donjon,' came to mean a strong dark prison, particularly a subterranean prison.

5. The loophole grates were narrow grated openings in the walls through which alone prisoners could see the light of day.

6. Flanking walls are walls projecting from the main body of the castle so that the defenders may attack the flank of an assailing force.

7. The walls were yellow in the golden light of the setting sun.

9. The prefix 'a' in 'athwart' is the same as that which appears in the adverbs 'abroad,' 'abroach,' and was originally the preposition 'on' or 'in.'

II. 1. St. George was the patron saint of England, and his red cross on a white field was for a long time the emblem borne on the national standard of England: cf. 4. III. 8 (note). This cross now appears, united with the cross of St. Andrew for Scotland and the cross of St. Patrick for Ireland, on the Union Jack of Great Britain.

Saint George himself was popularly supposed to have been a noble knight who vanquished a dragon, but the original historical character, around whom such a halo of glory gathered, was in reality a low-born Cappadocian, who by cunning raised himself to an influential position and became a bishop.

13. A gathering song is a song sung to gather warriors together for a campaign. One of Scott's shorter poems, the *Pibroch of Donald Dhu*, is an imitation of an old gathering song of the Clan MacDonald. The Borders of Scotland and England were the scene of continual fighting and would naturally produce many such songs.

III. 3. **plump** (etymologically connected with 'clump' and 'lump') is here a noun meaning a cluster or close packed collection. The term is sometimes applied to a collection of birds.

7. **mettled**, full of mettle, high spirit. 'Mettle' and 'metal' are different spellings of the same word, which is spelt 'mettle' when used metaphorically to express high courage. 'Mettle' probably got this meaning from such phrases as 'show one's mettle,' *i.e.* show one's real character, being generally used in a good sense of manifestations of high spirit in time of danger. In all these phrases men are compared to arms made of good material, which, when submitted to severe tests, show that they are made of strong, well-tempered metal.

12. 'Ward' and 'guard' are the same word by derivation. Words beginning with 'w,' like 'ward,' 'wise,' 'wile,' were introduced by the Saxons, while 'guard,' 'guise,' 'guile,' corresponding words with the same derivation and meaning, were added to the English language by the Norman invasion.

16. The sewer's duty was to arrange the dishes on the table. The seneschal was the house steward or head servant.

IV. 1. The second foot of this line is trisyllabic. It has two unaccented followed by one accented syllable. This irregularity

gives an air of joviality to the line. Malvoisie is the same as Malmsey, and is derived from Malvasia, a Greek town.

a pipe, a cask.

5. **glee,** song.

7. **platform** is a technical word for the floor on which a cannon is mounted.

8. **salvo-shot,** shot fired as a salute. 'Salvo' comes through the Italian from the Latin *salve* (hail).

V. 5. **stalworth** (now spelt stalwart), brave and strong. The word by derivation means worthy of place, from A.S. *stael*, place.

7. His cheek was browned with exposure to the sun, and the scar on his cheek testified to the fact that he had fought at the battle of Bosworth, A.D. 1485.

18. A carpet-knight is a knight better known in the luxuriously carpeted rooms of courts than on the field of battle.

'So' is an expletive often used in ballads, very convenient when an extra syllable is wanted to fill up a line without altering the meaning.

20. Here, through a strange confusion of thought, pointed out by Mr. P. Russel in his *Literary Manual*, Scott makes Marmion's "square turned joints and strength of limb" and other particulars in his personal appearance, which were quite compatible with extreme stupidity, show him to be a "leader sage." The indications from which a physiognomist might have inferred his wisdom were mentioned in the previous sentence, l. 11. The poet has evidently forgotten how he began this long sentence, and goes on as if he had merely written "He was no carpet-knight," which is indeed, roughly speaking, the meaning of ll. 13-18. Other similar anacolutha will be found in the appendix at the end of the notes.

VI. 2. The best armour in the Middle Ages came from Milan in Italy, and the best swords from Toledo in Spain: cf. 5. VIII. 17.

9. Sable, azure, field, and legend are heraldic terms meaning respectively black, blue, ground, and motto. The legend is said to be golden because the words were written in gilt or gold letters.

11. **who checks at me** etc., he who interferes with me is made ready for death, *i.e.* is as sure to die as a victim dight for sacrifice. Compare "Two harmless turtles dight for sacrifice," *Fairfax*.

In hawking, a falcon which, instead of pursuing its proper prey, turns aside to attack such birds as crows, sparrows, and magpies is said to *check at* those birds. Thus the motto means that anyone who, instead of minding his own business, goes out of his

way to interfere with Marmion will be punished by death for his temerity. 'Dight' is the passive participle of the verb 'dight,' which is derived from the Latin *dictare*, to dictate.

12. 'Blue' is repeated thrice so as to vividly impress on the reader the picturesque effect of the predominant colour: cf. Virgil's description of Dido (*Aeneid* iv. 137-139), translated by Dryden :—

> "A flowered cymar with golden fringe she wore,
> And at her back a golden quiver bore;
> Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
> A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains."

15. **trapp'd**, adorned. The word trappings means ornaments, and particularly the ornaments of horses.

VII. 1. Squires were next in rank to knights. 'Squire' now means a landed proprietor.

3. **burned**, were fired with ambition to become knights. The gilded spurs were the distinguishing mark of a knight.

6. They were experts at tilting at the ring, one of the sports of chivalry, which may often be seen practised by cavalry officers and others on Indian maidans in the present day. Those who engage in this trial of skill have to ride at full speed, and with a spear carry away a ring fixed at a convenient height from the ground.

lightly, easily, without effort.

9. **passing**, very.

VIII. 3. **so**, cf. note on v. 18.

5, 6. The strict literal meaning of these lines would be that when Marmion wanted to ride the palfrey, the men at arms led it along together with the mules. This would be nonsense, as it is evident that they led the palfrey and the mules whether Marmion was inclined to get off the war horse or not. The expression is elliptical and must mean that they led along with the mules a palfrey, which was there to be used, whenever Marmion was forced to leave his war horse owing to its need of rest.

6. When it pleased him to rest his war horse. 'Him' is dative. 'Ease his battle-steed' is the subject of 'listed.' 'List' is used in a different construction with a personal subject in 6. Int. 74. 'As before' refers to VI. 8, 9. Scott means that this falcon was depicted like the one mentioned before, but his meaning is carelessly expressed, as is often the case when metrical necessities require an ellipse or a rhyme.

14. Notice the old plural in 'en' which survives in 'oxen,' 'kine.'

17. **for an archer good,** for being an archer good, because he was a good archer.

20. "This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus at the battle of Blackheath between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents in 1496, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army 'whose arrows,' says Hollinshed, 'were in length a full cloth yard.'"—*Scott.* See also 5. I. 12 (note) for the prowess of English archers. A cloth yard is longer than an ordinary yard.

IX. 8. The gunner held his linstock ready. A linstock is a stick with a match at the end of it, used to fire cannon. 'Yare' (ready) is connected with the noun 'gear.'

9. **welcome-shot,** salvo shot, IV. 8.

X. 1. Morrice-pikes are Moorish pikes. In like manner a morris-dance is a Moorish dance. The guards advanced (*i.e.* raised) their pikes as a salute to Marmion: cf. 5. I. 5 (note).

2. **flourished brave,** blew some irregular notes in fine style. 'Brave' is used for the adverb 'bravely.'

3. **glanced,** flashed.

8. The angel is an English piece of money worth ten shillings, so called because it bore on its obverse a representation of the Archangel Michael killing a dragon.

11. 'Brook' is derived from the A.S. *brucan,* to use, and is employed in its derivative sense by Chaucer. Afterwards the meaning of the word got extended, so as to signify success in dealing with anything difficult to manage or resist, whether it is used as an instrument or not. Thus here we have 'brook' meaning to control a spirited horse, and somewhat similar is the use of the word in the *Lady of the Lake* (I. XXVIII.), where we read of a sword which only Douglas could 'brook to wield,' *i.e.* manage to wield. In like manner Stow (1525-1605) speaks of a ship 'brooking the waves,' that is opposing successful resistance to the waves. Finally we come to the ordinary modern use of the verb when it governs a noun, meaning something degrading. To brook an insult means to submit to it, that is, to manage to endure it by curbing natural indignation. In this sense the word is used in I. XVI. I.

XI. 6. "Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions was

held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Duke of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I., without issue male."—*Scott.*

13. **largesse** here is an expression of thanks for Marmion's liberality.

15. **a blazon'd shield in battle won**, a shield adorned with bearings won in battle: cf. 6. XXXVIII. 14, where we are told that De Wilton was allowed to add bearings to his shield to commemorate his gallantry at Flodden. In like manner "after the battle of Flodden, as a commemorative augmentation the silver bend of the Howards was charged with the Royal Shield of Scotland having a demi-lion only which is pierced through the mouth with an arrow."—*Boutell's Manual of Heraldry.* "The Montmorencys too have a brilliant coat: they changed their white cross into a red one in memory of the blood shed by Mathieu the First at the battle of Bouvines, and added sixteen gold eaglets in memory of the sixteen flags he took on the same occasion."—*Marshall's International Vanities.* Many other instances of bearings commemorating valour shown on the battle-field may be found in books of heraldry. Marmion, as we see from the next stanza, won his falcon crest by his victory over De Wilton. His motto is also intended to commemorate the same event. Its truth had been well exemplified in the fate of that rival who had ventured to oppose him, and was now supposed to be dead.

XII. 5. **lordings**, sirs, masters. 'Lording' is a diminutive of 'lord,' and is sometimes used of real lords in a contemptuous sense. But the word was more often used in old English as a mode of addressing gentlemen by their inferiors, even when those addressed had no pretensions to be regarded as lords. Thus in the *Canterbury Tales* the innkeeper of the Tabard addresses the pilgrims, among whom there is no lord of any kind, as lordings. This is evidently the sense in which Scott uses the word here, as there was only one real lord (Sir Hugh the Heron) among the company addressed by the heralds. Similar exaggerations of the rank of persons addressed are frequent in India, where, for instance, inferiors often address superiors who have no claim to princely rank by the title of *maharajah* (great king).

19. When a knight is disgraced as a traitor, his scutcheon or coat of arms is reversed, that is, turned upside down, and fixed to the gallows.

XIII. 2. "Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellan's name ought to have been William: for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady

Ford, whose siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own castle at Ford." *Scott.*

4. **hold or stronghold,** castle.

5. The deas or dais is the raised table at which the host sat with his nobler guests.

11. Scott was deceived into thinking that the following lines were a fragment of a genuine old Northumbrian ballad. They were really composed by Mr. Surtees, a contemporary and friend of the poet's.

16. **Deadman's-shaw.** A shaw is a wood. This particular wood must have got its name from its connection with some previous murder.

XIV. 4. Sir Hugh the Heron in the affected humility of politeness calls Norham castle a poor tower. The same spirit is shown in China, where a man calls his own house a poor cottage and the house of the person he is addressing a princely mansion.

5. **Here may you** etc., you may here have many opportunities of using your armour, and exercising your war horse. 'To breathe' here means to exercise the wind or lungs of a horse by making him go fast. The same verb is used in quite a different sense in 6. XXII. 30.

7. 'Giust' is generally spelt 'joust.'

XV. 3. **wassel-bowl,** bowl containing wassel or wassail. See notes on XXII. 20, and 6. Int. 64.

6. **fair,** adv., politely, civilly.

15. A sword is called a brand because its brightness as it flashes through the air makes it resemble a burning piece of wood.

18. He seemed more suitable for the service of a fair lady.

22. 'His bosom' is a subject left without a verb owing to an anacoluthon or change of construction: cf. 2. XIX. 18.

24. **pride.** See note on 6. XI. 7.

27. **sooth,** truth.

XVI. 5. **thou thought'st,** whom thou thought'st.

6. **might,** could: cf. XXI. 4 (note).

10. 'Gay' is the constant epithet of ladies in ballads, where all the ladies are gay, and gold and wine are always red.

XVII. 10. Queen Margaret of Scotland was sister of Henry VIII. of England.

12. Those who went out hawking carried their hawks on their hands, which were protected by strong gloves. For other allusions to hawking see VI. 11 ; 6. XIII. 10.

13, 14. **but where** etc., but it is impossible to keep at home ladies that love wandering by any means as effectual as the leash or band with which we hold our greyhound or falcon.

A leash is the long thong by which a greyhound is held until the time comes to let him go in pursuit of his prey. The same term is used of the band attached to the falcon's legs by leather straps called jesses.

15. **soar her swing,** cf. note on XXII. 19.

15,16. These two lines contain an implied simile. Just as the falcon allowed to fly as far as it likes returns to the earth when tired, so a lady who is not kept jealously in her husband's castle will soon become tired of wandering and be glad to return home. 'Stoop' is probably not used here in its technical sense. See 6. XIII. 10.

XVIII. 11. Perkin Warbeck pretended he was that Richard Duke of York, brother of Edward V., who is supposed to have been murdered by Richard III. Warbeck is called a Flemish counterfeit because he was really the son of respectable parents, who lived in Tournay, a town of Flanders. James IV. of Scotland supported his pretensions, and gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, a near relation of his own. But his rebellion was unsuccessful, and after two years' imprisonment in the Tower of London he was executed in 1499.

12. Who paid the penalty of his imposture, was punished for his imposture by being hanged.

13. **power,** army.

XIX. 3. **to prick,** to ride, because when riding you prick the horse's flanks with a spur. The first line of the first canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen* is

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain."

Cf. 5. IV. 8.

6. **beeves,** cattle ; the singular 'beef' means flesh of cattle.

7, 8. **harried** etc., plundered the property of the women of Greenlaw and burnt their houses.

The conflagration of burning houses is humorously compared by the rough borderer to a candle such as the wives of Greenlaw might use when they wanted to arrange their hoods neatly.

XX. 2. **were I,** if I were. The subject comes after the verb, as the sentence is conditional.

15. Pardoners sold pardons granted by the Pope for sins committed.

16. **at the least**, if no more suitable guide can be got.

It is not very easy to see why a strolling pilgrim should be a less suitable guide than a pardoner or priest. Perhaps Marmion would have preferred a pardoner or a priest as deriving from his office a kind of guarantee of respectability. The poet probably here and in XXV. 14 wanted the word 'least' for the rhyme.

XXI. 4. "At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland."—*Scott.*

'**may**,' means 'can,' just as 'might,' the past tense of 'may' in line 11 means 'could.' 'May' and 'might' are here used in their original meaning.

7. **a bishop**, Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who rebuilt the castle in 1164 and added to it a huge donjon.

11, 12. He could not perform his religious duties without better fare than a beleaguered castle afforded. In the siege they had only one meal a day, and even that was not a plentiful one.

13. **so**, accordingly, influenced by this consideration.

in Durham aisle, in the aisle of Durham Cathedral.

14. 'While' is here a substantive meaning 'time,' and is in the accusative case to represent duration of time.

15. **woe betide**, may misfortune happen. This was originally an imprecation of evil, such as men sometimes utter against things or persons when they are discontented and angry. Compare 3. VIII. 11, where Fitz-Eustace wishes woe to the cause of Constant's absence. Sometimes such imprecations come to express sorrow rather than anger, particularly when their literal meaning is forgotten. Thus 'alackaday' (may lack, *i.e.* shame or failure, be to the day) is, as now used, an expression of grief not of anger. In the expression 'woe betide' also the imprecatory meaning is often half forgotten, so that in this passage it may be regarded as almost exactly equivalent to 'as ill befalls' in l. 27.

16. 'All' is used adverbially in the sense of 'altogether.'

too well in case, in too good case or condition, too fat.

17. 'The priest of Shoreswood' has no verb. The sentence is interrupted while the speaker pauses to consider whether the priest of Shoreswood can be utilized. After the pause a new

pronoun 'he' is introduced as subject to the verb 'rein.' We have not in this case an instance of the ordinary redundant subject, the addition of which does not alter the meaning though it may make the sentence clearer. In this passage the meaning is intended to be affected by the introduction of the new pronominal subject after the dash, which indicates a pause for reflection.

22. **at the can**, at drinking bouts. Before glass became cheap and common, cans, that is, mugs made of tin or some other metal, were ordinarily used as drinking vessels.

26. Holyrood was the Royal Palace in Edinburgh. The holy rood was the holy cross. 'Rood' is the same word as 'rod.'

27. **as ill befalls**, as unfortunately happens.

29. Bede, generally known as the Venerable Bede, lived in Northumberland in the beginning of the eighth century and wrote an ecclesiastical history.

30. The Tweed is the boundary between England and Scotland.

33. This hurried flight, which was evidently due to fear for his life, is ironically attributed to the love of peace, which ought to characterize all who adopt a religious calling

34. **sans**, without.

35. 'Swore' is used for 'sworn.' The poets often for metrical convenience use the form of the past tense instead of the proper participial form. In some cases this license is justified by the existence of an old participial form the same as the past tense. For instance we find that the participle of this verb 'swear' has in old English the two forms 'iswore' and 'isworen.'

37. **he shall** etc., he shall cease to live.

XXII. 4. On the analogy of the common expression 'woe is me' (cf. 3. VIII. 11, where Scott uses the ordinary construction) instead of 'woe were we' we should expect here 'woe were us,' in which case 'were' would be the third person singular agreeing with its subject 'woe.' But Scott in this passage treats 'woe' as if it were an adjective meaning 'sad,' and 'we' must be the subject of the verb 'were.' Shakespeare sometimes uses this irregular construction, *e.g.*—

"Woe, woe are we, sir."—*Antony and Cleopatra* 4. XIV. 133.
"I am woe for't, sir."—*Tempest* 5. I. 139.

Cf. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 230.

5. Friars have the word 'brother' put before their Christian names just as priests are designated respectfully by the title of father. 'Friar' by derivation means 'brother,' and 'brother' in l. 22 of the previous stanza means 'friar.'

8. The game of draughts was called tables because it is played with small tablets.

10. **lusty**, vigorous, spirited, hearty.

11. **the needfullest** etc., the most necessary person in the whole establishment.

The construction is irregular, as 'the needfullest (man)' cannot be in apposition to 'none' the subject of the verb 'bawl.' We have here a construction according to the sense. The previous line is equivalent in sense to 'He can bawl as hearty a carol as any of us,' and this line goes on, as if those words had actually been used, instead of other words equivalent in meaning but without any noun or pronoun for subject to which 'the needfullest (man)' might have been in apposition.

13. **tide**, time.

19. **snore his fill**, snore on until he has snored enough to satisfy himself. 'Fill' is here a cognate accusative meaning the amount of snoring that will satisfy him: cf. XVII. 15 where 'soar her swing,' meant 'soar until she desires to soar no more, *i.e.* soar the amount of soaring that will satisfy her. See also 6. XV. 20.

20. **hissing crabs**, cf.

> "When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
> Then nightly sings the staring owl."—*Shakespeare.*

The line refers to a favourite beverage called wassail (see XV. 3) or lamb's wool, which consisted of ale flavoured with spices and roasted crabs (wild apples).

23. **fay**, faith.

XXIII. 1. Palmers were so called because they brought palms back with them: cf. XXVII. 6 (note).

2. **Salem**, Jerusalem.

3. The blessed tomb was the tomb of Jesus in Jerusalem.

6. When the floods that had covered the whole world began to subside, Noah's ark was left high and dry on Ararat, a mountain of Armenia: cf. Genesis viii. 4.

9. When the Israelites left Egypt, the prophet Moses stretched out his hand over the Red Sea, and the waters were divided, so that Moses and the Israelites could walk through. 'At' is used here to express contiguity in time between cause and effect, and we should expect it to be followed by a noun meaning an event or an action. We may say that 'at the prophet's rod' means 'at the stretching out of the prophet's rod.'

11. The Mount is Mount Sinai in Arabia, where Moses received from God the code of laws now known as "the law of Moses."

12. 'Dint' generally means a blow or the mark of a blow, being a word imitative of the accompanying sound. Here it rather means the sound. The word is connected with 'din' (a noise), which in Anglo-Saxon sometimes meant thunder.

14. Pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. James in Spain, carried home the cockle shells of the neighbouring coast as memorials of their visit. In like manner pilgrims who had been to Palestine brought back the scallops of the Holy Land. They generally wore the shells on their hats, that everybody might see that they had been on a pilgrimage : cf. XXVII. 12.

19. Saint Rosalie, a high-born lady of Palermo, became disgusted with the world and retired to a cave, which was so inaccessible, that it was believed that she was carried there by the hands of angels.

XXIV. 1. **Saint George**, cf. II. 1 (note).

2. St. Thomas of Canterbury was Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered in 1170. Chaucer's pilgrims, who tell the Canterbury tales, were going to visit his shrine.

3. **Cuthbert of Durham**, cf. 2. XIV.

Saint Bede, cf. XXI. 29 (note).

9. This man would be in truth a guide worthy of the name.

12. This line insinuates that Friar John's nose is hot with drinking. The thought is expressed more clearly in an erased line of Scott's original manuscript—

"And with metheglin warmed his nose."

The vulgarity of this insinuation is severely condemned by Jeffrey as far beneath the dignity of a serious poem.

13. **ken** means 'know.' The word is still used in that sense by the Scotch. It is connected with 'cunning' and the noun 'ken' used in 2. Int. 256.

XXV. 1. **gramercy**, great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*).

3. **venerable man.** Marmion is of course speaking ironically here.

6. **Holyrood.** See XXI. 26 (note).

7. Marmion will be like the palmer's good saint, because he will confer benefits upon him, as a good saint confers favours on his votaries.

8. 'Bead' meant first a prayer, then the beads in the Rosary of a Roman Catholic by which prayers are counted (cf. XXVI. 18), and lastly it came to be used in its ordinary modern sense without any trace of its original meaning. The word is here used in

the second sense. From 'bead' is derived 'beadsman' (one who prays), used in 6. VI. 6.

13. **glee**, song.

XXVI. 2. He laid his finger on his lips in order to indicate that he was going to make a mysterious communication which he wished to be kept secret.

4. The palmer is suspected of knowing something of the unholy art of magic.

9. **howe'er**, although.

12. **as**, as if.

14. 'Wrote' is a past tense form used as a participle seemingly without the same excuse as could be made for the form used in XXI. 35.

17,18. He himself always falls asleep before he has counted ten aves and two creeds on his beads.

At the completion of each ave and each creed he would drop a bead along the string of his rosary. An ave is an address to the Virgin Mary beginning with the words 'Ave Maria' (Hail Mary); a creed is a profession of Faith beginning with the word 'Credo' (I believe). The names of the two formulæ are derived from their initial words. 'Paternoster' and 'praemunire' have a similar derivation. Scott does not seem to have carefully studied the composition of the Roman Catholic rosary, each division of which contains one large bead representing a paternoster, with ten small beads representing aves. Sometimes one cross to represent a creed is added to a chaplet consisting of five paternosters and fifty aves, but the creed is not an essential part of the rosary. Thus it would have been very irregular if Friar John had counted two creeds and ten aves. It would have been more natural to make him go to sleep before he could count ten aves and one paternoster, which would make up together one small division of the rosary.

XXVII. 1. **fay**, faith.

6. "A palmer, opposed to a pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines, travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage."—*Scott.*

10. St. Peter is supposed to keep the keys of Heaven. In pictures he is generally represented as holding in his hand those symbols of his office.

11. Broad shoulders being a sign of strength, we are prepared by these words for the fact, presently to be revealed, that the Palmer is really a valiant knight.

12. See XXIII. 14 (note).

14. Loretto is a very sacred town in Italy. It contains a small brick building, supposed to be the cottage of the Virgin Mary conveyed thither by angels.

15. **tore**, cf. XXI. 35.

16. **budget**, bag. The word now generally means a financial scheme or estimate of income and expenditure for a future period, usually for one year.

scrip, a small bag. 'Scrip' in this sense is by derivation quite a different word from 'scrip' (L. *scriptum*, a thing written), a small writing, a certificate of stock or shares.

18. **show'd pilgrim**, show'd (that he was a) pilgrim.

XXVIII. 8. **as**, as if.

10. **alas the while**! alas the time: cf. XXI. 14. In such interjections the sorrow expressed is connected with the time of sorrow lamented. Compare—

'Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?'—*Oth.* 4. II. 42.

16. 'She' is a redundant subject. It is naturally added as 'the mother that him bare' is separated by a considerable interval from the verb.

19. Cf. the commencement of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*—

> "My hair is grey, but not with years;
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night,
> As men's have grown from sudden fears."

Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI. of France, is said to have had her hair blanched by grief during the imprisonment that preceded her execution. Ludovico Sforza is quoted as another instance of the same change being produced by fear.

XXIX. 3. **so**, provided that.

5. Cf. 2. XIII. 8.

7. **bound**, originally a participle from 'bowne' (prepare), used in 4. XXII. 33, 5. XX. 21, is an adjective which means 'intending to go.' St. Andrews in Fifeshire was his destination.

"St. Regulus (*Scottice* St. Rule), a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 370, to have sailed westward, till he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access, and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German Ocean."—*Scott.* The town was first called Killrule (Cella Reguli) in honour of St. Regulus, but it was

afterwards called after St. Andrew, one of whose relics had been brought by St. Regulus into Scotland.

17, **bid it throb no more**, make it cease to beat, *i.e.* cause me to die.

XXX. 1. The 'midnight draught of sleep' is a draught drunk before retiring to rest, and intended to insure sound sleep. Such draughts are colloquially called night-caps.

2. 'Steep' is here used intransitively in the sense of 'to be steeped,' just as 'hurl' is used intransitively in 2. Int. 247 in the sense of 'to be hurled.' The verb 'steep' in this intransitive sense can only be properly applied to the subject 'spices' and not to 'wine,' so that we have here a zeugma, that is, we must understand with 'wine' some other verb of similar meaning, *e.g.* is seasoned. Thus the whole line would be equivalent to 'Where wine is seasoned with spices and spices are steeped in wine, so as to produce a rich drink.'

5. As he drank he politely expressed his hope, that his host would enjoy a good night's rest. The good wish is expressed as much by the action of drinking as by the words.

10. **pressed**, urged him to drink.

12. **wassel.** See note on 5. VII. 2.

XXXI. 5. The words 'broke their fast' give the derivation of the term 'breakfast' for the first meal of the day. The fast broken is only the usual abstinence from food during the night.

8. The stirrup-cup is the draught drunk by a parting guest on horseback when his foot is in the stirrup.

12. The host made excuses for any deficiency in the entertainment afforded to Lord Marmion. Such excuses are often made in a spirit of politeness, not unmixed with affectation, to guests who have been received with the most elaborate hospitality. We have already had an instance of such polite affectation in XIV. 4.

23. The breezes dispelled the cannon smoke which had for the moment obscured the view.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

1. "Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheepwalks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the king hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport."—*Scott.*

8. 'Yon thorn' and 'he' are both redundant subjects introduced for the sake of clearness, as the original subject 'yon thorn' in line 5 is separated by a relative sentence from the verb.

15. **rowan**, mountain ash.

20. 'Shook' is peculiarly applicable to the aspen, as its leaves shiver in the lightest breeze. See 6. XXX. 4.

24. 'Game' in the sense of beast of chase is here in apposition to 'wolf.'

25. The neighbouring dingle is called Wolflee.

26. The lurching step of a wolf is the rolling gait that is characteristic of wolves and some big dogs. The word is used in the same sense of the rolling of a ship at sea.

28. **set**, determined.

29. **would**, liked to, was wont to : cf. 5. XXVII. 23.

> "But still the house affairs would draw her hence."
> Shak. *Oth.* 1. III. 117.

32. Newark's riven tower is the castle in which the Last Minstrel is supposed to recite his Lay to the Duchess of Buccleuch. It was by this time a ruin. Wordsworth refers to it in his *Yarrow Visited* as

> "The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers
> Renown'd in Border story."

33. **power**, army. The abstract is used for the concrete : cf. 3. Int. 183 (note).

40. 'Trim' is here a noun meaning dress.

41. The gazehound was so called, because it pursued by the sight rather than by the scent. It is supposed to be the same animal as the greyhound.

42. **bratchet**, blood-hound.

44. To let loose the gazehounds from the leash as soon as the hunted animal rushed off.

48. **harquebuss**, an old kind of musket fired from a forked rest.

49. The hills seemed to be shaken with the sound.

55. 'Erst' is a superlative adverb formed by adding the superlative suffix 'st' to 'ere,' which is connected with 'early.'

"The tale of the outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the king, may be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*."—*Scott.*

61. **holt**, wood.

65. **intermitted space**, interval.

67 **Gothic.** See 1. Int. 204 (note).

69. **between**, at convenient intervals. After admiring the scenery they would converse about poetry, and then again after an interval admire the scenery.

71. **nor hill** etc., we did not step along any hill and brook which had not (*i.e.* every hill and brook had) its legend.

'But' is here equivalent to a relative and negative (which not).

73. Bowhill was a shooting lodge sometimes occupied by the Earl of Dalkeith, who afterwards became Duke of Buccleuch.

79. Here the verb 'drink' takes an accusative of the person in whose honour the brimming cup is drained.

83. "Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk." It is the scene of the ballad of Young Tamlane in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, and there Janet, according to the ballad, saw the fairies. Scott does not seem to have remembered the ballad exactly, for the fairies were not dancing but riding, and according to the ballad "the heavens were black, the night was dark" when they rode past her.

84. The youthful Baron was Lord Scott, the heir of Buccleuch, whose tutor Mr. Marriott was. This young Lord died soon after the publication of *Marmion*. Scott thought of omitting the lines referring to him from the second edition of the poem, but, hearing that they afforded a melancholy pleasure to Lady Dalkeith, he let them stand.

85. The Forest-Sheriff was Scott himself, who had been appointed Sheriff-substitute of Selkirkshire in 1799. Scott had taken Ashestiel in order to comply with the law which required Sheriffs to reside at least four months of the year in their own jurisdiction.

87. **Oberon**, husband of Titania and king of the Fairies. See Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

90. 'Sylphid' is a diminutive of 'sylph.' The bountiful lady referred to is Lady Dalkeith, whom Scott describes similarly in one of his letters as having "more of the angel in face and temper than any one alive." She had suggested to Scott that he should write a border ballad on the story of Gilpin Horner, and this suggestion led to the composition of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

94. Notice the force of the epithet 'deafened.' Though the widow's ear is deafened with age, she can hear the light step of her benefactress.

98. **her**, herself.

101. The gentle lady, from whose hands proceeded the bounty that enabled the poor widow to supply her children with food.

103. In this line, as in line 171, the word 'that' is understood. Both these lines express consequence.

104. This line is an instance of the pathetic fallacy: cf. 1. Int. 11. 'Chafe' (L. *calefacere*, to make warm) combines here the ideas of anger and violent motion. The verb 'fret' expresses the irritation supposed to be felt by the stream at the obstacles that impede its course, and also suggests the meaning of wearing away the rocks by attrition in accordance with the meaning of the A.S. *fretan*, to eat away. 'Fret' is used in its original meaning in the Biblical expression "a moth fretting a garment." 'Fretted' in 1. Int. 146 is perhaps also derived from the same root, as ornamental raised work is generally produced by cutting into the object to be ornamented.

106. The long descended Lord of Yair was Mr. Pringle, Scott's next door neighbour at Ashestiel. The boys mentioned in l. 108 were his sons.

111. When every thought is frankly expressed in words, and every word spoken is true; before experience of the world has taught reserve and falsehood.

113. **wight**, warlike and active. For Wallace, see 6. XX. 14, where the same epithet is applied to him. On a mountainous ridge above Ashestiel was a fosse called Wallace's trench. For the derivation of the adjective 'wight,' see 3. XXIX. 5 (note).

119. Flush with patriotic feelings as much as the cheeks of the boys flushed.

122. The active life of manhood is compared to a stormy sea, into which children are not forced to embark. But unfortunately they can only for a short time escape the necessity of joining in the struggle of life, and sharing the passions and transports of grown up men. However at last the time will come with advancing years, when the violent joys of the prime of manhood will become less vivid, and then the memory of a happy boyhood spent among the beauties of nature will be cherished as a calm joy, which the approach of old age cannot diminish.

A similar thought is expressed in Wordsworth's lines on Tintern Abbey—

> "These beauteous forms,
> Through a long absence, have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
> But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration."

133. **bent**, slope.

143. The voice of God is described as a "still small voice" in the Bible, 1. Kings XIX. 12.

145. Resignation is the state of mind in which men refrain from murmuring at some misfortune they have suffered. 'Content' does not imply any previous misfortune.

147. "This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir, from which the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

'The swans on sweet St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow.'

Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birthplace of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of 'Tweedside,' beginning 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour." —*Scott.*

In this note Scott misquotes Wordsworth, who really wrote, "The swans on *still* St. Mary's lake."

156. **lonely bare**, bare in a lonely way, so very bare as to fill the spectator with a sense of loneliness. When two adjectives are compounded together in this way, the first qualifies the second like an adverb. A similar combination of two adjectives will be found in 1. XXVIII. 12 (haggard wild), and many are quoted in Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 2.

'Shaggy' and 'bare' have no word to agree with in the sentence. They may be said to agree with 'the margin of the lake,' which is in sense though not in grammar the subject of the sentence.

166. You cannot indulge in imaginative conjectures about the character and occupations of the inhabitants, as you are perfectly certain from what you see that the land is entirely devoid of inhabitants.

171. The adjective 'asleep' gives the effect of the action of the verb 'lulls.' Adjectives so used are called factitive. See note on 5. XXVIII. 16.

177. Our Lady is the Virgin Mary.

181. **erst**, see l. 55.

183. If the deaths of my relations and friends had left me alone in the world and I had no longer any incentive to urge me to continue the struggle for fame and wealth.

186. Milton's wish for a hermitage occurs in *Il Penseroso*,

> "And may at last my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage,
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit and rightly spell
> Of every star that heaven does show,
> And every herb that sips the dew."

196. **Yarrow's faded Flower**, see l. 147 (note).

203. On account of their unholy art, wizards, like suicides, were refused burial in the consecrated ground of the churchyard.

210. **their snowy sail**, their snow white wings, with which they make their way through the misty air, as a ship by means of her sails makes her way through the sea.

214. **might**, could.

217. Here we have an instance of the power of the poet's imagination similar to that described in l. Int. 206-231.

224. To imagine for him such an unearthly appearance as would be suitable for such a wizard.

237. The Palmer is called black on account of the colour of his cowl and mantle, mentioned l. XXVII. 8. Similarly the son of Edward III. was called the Black Prince because he wore black armour.

247. 'Hurl' is here used intransitively in the sense of moving violently : cf. l. XXX. 2.

257. "Here and there the progress of rills or small rivers has formed dells, glens, or, as they are provincially termed, *dens*, on whose high and rocky banks trees and shrubs of all kinds find a shelter."—Scott, *Antiquary*, chap. XVII. 'Den' or 'dean' in this sense forms the concluding syllable in several names of places, *e.g.* Hawthornden, Crichtoun Dean (4. XII. 17). 'Den' (a cave) is the same word.

259. 'Linn' here means a waterfall : see l. Int. 3.

260. As the torrent leaves the rocky ravine, it is so white that it looks like one great wave of foam.

261. "The Giant's Grave is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cataract."—*Scott.*

262. From its appearance the cataract was called the "Grey Mare's Tail."

265. The Isis is the river which passes through Oxford, to which university Marriott belonged.

The expression 'many a' followed by a substantive has been explained in two different ways. According to some the 'a' is the indefinite article placed between the adjective and the noun (as happens with 'such' and 'what' in, *e.g.*, 'such a theme' or 'what a theme',) instead of before the adjective, so that 'many' would be by derivation an adjective. Another view is that 'many' is derived from a substantive meaning a crowd, and 'a' is a relic of the preposition 'of,' so that 'many a theme' would be by derivation 'crowd of themes.' According to those who hold the latter view the singular noun in the modern form of the expression originated in the mistaken idea, that 'a' was the indefinite article and must therefore be followed by a singular noun.

CANTO SECOND.

I. 2. With the punctuation adopted in the text, 'rolled' is a participle agreeing with 'smoke' and the principal verb, of which 'the breeze' is subject, is 'curled' in l. 6. Thus the original subject is separated from its verb by one adjectival and two temporal sentences. Therefore to avoid the possibility of mistake we have the subject repeated again in 'it' and 'that breeze' in l. 6.

The edition of Constable & Co. published in 1825, during the poet's lifetime, and seemingly all the other editions of Marmion have a full stop at the end of line 5. This punctuation would make 'rolled' the principal verb of the first sentence. But 'rolled' is not a natural word to describe the breeze blowing past the castle, and has already been applied to this same smoke in l. XXXI. 21. The thrice-repeated subject is no objection to changing the full stop into a comma, as Scott is fond of redundant subjects, and we have seen an exactly similar double redundancy in 2. Int. 8. Nor need we be bound by the punctuation of the editions published in Scott's lifetime; for he seems to have been very careless in the matter of punctuation, as may be seen from the fact, that the manuscript of the first eighteen lines of the thirtieth stanza of the fourth canto, a passage which when printed requires eighteen stops, has only one stop, and even that solitary mark of punctuation hardly deserves to be reckoned, as it is affixed to a line through which the author passed his pen.

10. **Bound,** see 1. XXIX. 7.

St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle or Lindisfarne "is not properly an island, but rather, as the Venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about two miles distant."—*Scott.*

12. **Upon the gale,** upon the stormy water. We should rather expect 'before the gale.'

Here, as in 1. XXIII. 9, the preposition's meaning does not suit the noun it actually governs, but something else easily suggested by the governed noun.

21. Scott tells us that the Monastery of Saint Hilda at Whitby had no nuns within its walls in the time of Henry VIII., so that he consciously here as elsewhere in the poem violates strict historical accuracy.

II. 4. 'How timid and how curious (they were)' is a noun sentence object of 'see' in line 1.

9. 'Benedicite' is the first word of an old Christian hymn, and means "Bless ye the Lord." It is here used as a pious expression of wonder not unmixed with alarm.

12. The sea-dog or sea-calf is the common seal which is found on the northern coasts of Europe.

15. **would still adjust,** was always adjusting, see 2. Int. 29 (note).

23. Novices are in a probationary state. Ladies who intend to become nuns must, for a year at least, conform to the rules of their monastery without taking the vows. During this period they are called novices, and may, if they feel inclined, return to the world, as was eventually done by Clare.

IV. 1. The Benedictine order was founded in the beginning of the sixth century by St. Benedict. The monks of this order were distinguished by their black clothes, and were therefore sometimes called Black Friars. Their monastic discipline was reformed in the eighth century by Benedict of Aniana.

V. 10. The vestal virgins of Rome were named after the goddess Vesta, whose sacred fire they tended. They had to take a vow of eternal chastity. Hence, as nuns are not allowed to marry, they may be said to take vestal vows.

VII. 1. Owing to a change in the construction 'lovely,' 'gentle' and 'distressed' have no noun to agree with: cf. 2. Int. 156.

3. This is an allusion to Spenser's heroine Una, whose beauty and innocence so subdued the fierce heart of a hungry lion that,

moved by pity, he not only forbore to hurt her, but accompanied her as a protector through the rest of her wanderings.

10. **jealousy...with sordid avarice,** a conspiracy of persons actuated by jealousy and avarice. Constance was actuated by jealousy (XXVII. 18), the monk by sordid avarice (XXII. 1, 2).

12. **bowl,** poison contained in a bowl.

VIII. 13. **tell,** count. The noun 'tale' means number in such expressions as a 'tale of bricks.'

16. The castle of Warkworth belonged to the Percies in the middle ages, and still belongs to the same family, being now the seat of the Duke of Northumberland.

22. Bamborough Castle is supposed to have been built in 548 by Ida, king of the Northumbrians. It now affords a refuge to ship-wrecked sailors. For the apostrophe see 5. XXVII. 10 (note).

IX. 3. When the tide is low, it may be styled or called a part of the continent; when the tide is high, it may be called an island: cf. I. 10 (note).

X. Saxon architecture is distinguished from later Gothic architecture by its semi-circular arches and short rude heavy pillars. We here have contrasted with it the ordinary style of mediæval architecture, in which the arches, instead of being semi-circular, meet in a point like the branches of opposite rows of trees, and the pillars are loftier and often surrounded by clusters of smaller pillars, so that the whole effect produced by the vista of a cathedral aisle irresistibly suggests a comparison with an avenue, in which the branches of the trees interlace above the path. The 'pointed aisle' is the passage along the side of a church which passes under a succession of pointed arches. The 'shafted stalk' is the pillar surrounded by smaller pillars. An arcade is a series of arches.

15. Similarly Virgil says of Troy

"Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ,"

where however there is no idea of the wasting effects of time. In this passage 'years' may be either the accusative of duration of time or the object of 'withstand.'

XI. 1. **his,** St. Cuthbert's.

5. A close or cadence is the conclusion of a musical strain. In 1. Int. 240 'cadence' was used, not in its strict technical sense, of the musical sound of the milkmaid's whole song.

7. The singing of the nuns and monks of Lindisfarne harmonized with the singing of the nuns on the ship from Whitby.

20. The sign of the cross is made by tracing the figure of a

cross in the air with the finger over the person, for whom the blessing is intended.

XII. 5. **vestal maid**, see V. 10 (note).

6. Without fear of being seen by any one who was not dedicated to the service of God.

11. **their fill**, see **1.** XXII. 19 (note).

XIII. 1. It is related that in the year 1159 the Lord of Uglebarnby, the Lord of Smeaton, and a gentleman named Allatson, were hunting a boar in a wood belonging to the Abbot of Whitby. The boar, being hard pressed by the hunters, took refuge in a hermitage where dwelt a monk of Whitby, and there died. The hunters coming up to the hermitage found the boar dead inside, and being infuriated, because their hounds had been balked of their game, beat the hermit so severely that he died. By this murder they rendered themselves liable to the penalty of death. But the dying hermit had offered to forgive them on condition that they and their successors should hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and pay a penance for the crime on every Ascension Day by doing menial service. They were on that day to cut stakes and fix them in the sands near the town of Whitby before nine o'clock in the morning, so firmly that they could resist the force of three tides. "You shall faithfully do this," said the hermit, "in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me, and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you or your successors shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby or his successors."

8. Notice the sudden transition to direct speech: cf. **1.** XXIX. 5.

13. "She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to heaven for the great victory which he won in 655 against Penda, the Pagan king of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hilda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence."—*Scott.*

14-19. "These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whitby or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists *ammonitæ*.

"The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden:—'It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity that these wild geese, which

in the winter fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts : a relation I should not have made if I had not received it from several credible men. But those who are less inclined to heed superstition attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is between wolves and scylla-roots. For that such hidden tendencies and aversions, as we call sympathies and antipathies, are implanted in many things by provident nature for the preservation of them is a thing so evident that everybody grants it.' Mr. Charlton, in his *History of Whitby*, points out the true origin of the fable, from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby ; and from the woodcocks and other birds of passage who do the same upon their arrival on shore after a long flight."—*Scott.*

XIV. 1. "St. Cuthbert was in the choice of his sepulchre one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the calendar. He died A.D. 686, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 763, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert.

"The saint was however a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithorn in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham ; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tilmouth in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick ; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces beside the ruined chapel of Tilmouth. From Tilmouth Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire ; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence into Chester-le-Street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardilaw. Here the saint chose

his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them in his room a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret."—*Scott.*

On May 27th, 1827, the skeleton of St. Cuthbert was found in three coffins of various ages. The outer coffin was three hundred years old, the middle one eight hundred years old, while the inmost one of all is supposed to date from the seventh century.

10. Fair Melrose is elaborately described in a well-known passage of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

16. Gossamer is a light filmy cobweb that floats in the air in summer. It is formed by a small species of spiders. 'Gossamer' is by derivation either God's summer or Gaze à Marie (gauze of Mary). In the latter case the name is derived from the legend, that, when the Virgin Mary ascended into heaven, her winding sheet fell from her and formed these filmy threads.

32. The wondrous grace is the privilege of knowing where the saint is buried.

XV. 1. may, can. In the twenty-ninth line of the previous stanza we had 'may' used in its ordinary modern sense of 'is permitted to.'

2. "Every one has heard that when David I., with his son Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1136, the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert; to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton, or Cutonmoor. The conquerors were at least as much indebted to the jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strathclyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud."—*Scott.*

4. The Galwegians are the inhabitants of Galloway, a district in the south-west of Scotland now including Wigtownshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, but which formerly had wider limits. This district was less civilized than the rest of the Lowlands of Scotland.

5. Lodon is Lothian, a district of Scotland, including East Lothian or Haddingtonshire, Midlothian or Edinburghshire, and West Lothian or Linlithgowshire.

7. The banner of St. Cuthbert was made of red velvet embroidered with green silk and gold. It was borne to the battle of Northallerton together with the banners of three other saints, and appeared in battle again four hundred years later at Flodden.

8. "Cuthbert, as we have seen, had no great reason to spare the Danes when opportunity offered. Accordingly I find in Simeon of Durham, that the saint appeared in a vision to Alfred, and promised him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies; a consolation which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashendown, rewarded by a royal offering at the shrine of the saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the saint. It was however replaced before William left the north; and to balance accounts the Conqueror having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the saint's body, he was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and of the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees."—*Scott*

11. A bowyer is an archer. The word is formed from 'bow' just as 'lawyer' and 'sawyer' from 'law' and 'saw.'

XVI. 3. "Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi*, which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the saints' legend contains some not more probable."—*Scott.*

5. (They said that) Whitby's fishers had told such tales.

11. **fame,** report.

XVII. 9. **for,** in exchange for, so as to take instead.

7. "Ceolwolf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his *Ecclesiastical History*. He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance vault does not correspond with his character: for it is recorded among his

memorabilia, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

These penitential vaults were the *Geissel-Gewolbe* of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unsanctified corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment."—*Scott.*

22. Those who heard the shrieks coming from under ground were so terrified at the unearthly sounds, that they appealed to heaven for protection with some such expression as "God bless us." Such exclamations have now become vulgarized by constant use on the most trivial occasions.

XVIII. 17. A cresset is an ancient kind of lamp consisting of an open vessel, in which was burnt a rope steeped in tar or some other combustible liquid.

20. **might**, could.

XIX. 14. To make us realize the scene the poet speaks as if he were actually present and trying in the dim light to distinguish the members of the awful conclave. Compare 6. XX. 1; XXXIII. 7; XXXV. 5.

18. 'He' is a subject without a verb: cf. 1. XV. 22 (note).

23. **style, title**: see IX. 3; 5. XXVI. 22.

XX. 8. **doublet breast**, or the breast of her doublet, that part of the doublet which covered her breast. In like manner we speak of the arm of a coat. 'Doublet' is used adjectively as 'dungeon,' 'mountain,' 'pilgrim,' are in XVII. 6; 2. XXXIII. 25, and 3. VI. 1. 'Headache,' 'eyelash,' and 'armpit' are instances of substantives used adjectively, which have been so completely welded to the substantives they qualify, that the two substantives forming each compound are not even separated by a hyphen.

18. In accordance with French usage the final 'd' of Fontevraud is not sounded, so that the word makes a correct rhyme with 'know.'

XXI. With reference to the scene in which Constance appears before the conclave, Lord Byron wrote to his publisher, Mr. Murray—

"I sent for *Marmion* because it occurred to me there might be

a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in the Second Canto of *Marmion*. I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether I ought to say anything upon it. I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which indeed leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind, but it comes upon me not very comfortably."

The resemblance between the descriptions of Parisina and Constance in the two poems makes it probable that Byron had really, without being aware of the fact, been influenced by indistinct memories of the trial of Constance when he described the attitude of Parisina under very similar circumstances.

8. 'But' is here a subordinate conjunction meaning except or except that. The use of the word as a subordinate conjunction is derived, like the similar use of 'after,' 'except,' 'before,' from its original use as a preposition, and Adams would parse it as a preposition. See Adams's *English Language*, § 659. This use of 'but' is very common in Shakespeare: cf.

> "And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
> Believe her lips."—*Cymbeline*, 5. v. 41.

10. **warranted**, guaranteed: see 1. III. 12 (note).

13. **to the very life**, so as exactly to resemble a living person. 'Very' is here an adjective meaning 'real,' 'actual.' It is so used in the common expression 'you are the very man I want.'

14. Compare the last two lines of 6. XI.

XXII. **seared**, rendered callous or insensible, lit., burnt dry, see 6. Int. 2 (note).

XXIII. 1, 2. He had good reason for shrieking, and the alarm revealed by her pale hue was not unfounded.

XXIV. 9. **still**, always, continually.

XXV. 3. The object of 'inclose' is 'whom,' understood: cf. XXIV. 13, where the object understood is 'which.' This ellipse of the accusative of the relative pronoun is very common.

"It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words *vade in pace* (go in peace) were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that in latter times this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche,

and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun." —*Scott.*

XXVI. 5. A hectic flush is an unhealthy colour such as is produced by fever, as opposed to the ruddy colour that betokens health. The streak is called fluttered, that is, disordered and irregular, because the colour was not regularly distributed all over her face. To flutter is used transitively, as here, by Shakespeare—

> "When like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
> Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli."

XXVII. 2. **space**, sc. of respite from death.

13. **my folly's meed...who**, the meed (due reward) of the folly of me who, etc. See note on **4**. Int. 9.

14. All my hopes of happiness in this world and in the next world, in this life and in the life to come.

20. If my fate had allowed me to accomplish my wishes, I would have taken a greater revenge, than betrayed maiden is ever related to have taken in any old story.

XXVIII. 3. Some editors substitute for 'fate' the word faith which at first sight seems to make better sense. But it is usual to speak of one person plighting faith not with another's faith but *to* another; so that it is better to keep the original reading and take 'plight' as the passive participle of 'plight,' to weave or twine. The meaning is that Wilton's fate was inextricably involved with that of Clare, owing to their mutual love.

7. The combatants before fighting had to declare on oath that they believed in the justice of their cause. Thus in Shakespeare's *Richard II.* as a preliminary to the intended trial by combat between the Duke of Norfolk and Bolingbroke, the king says to the Marshal, when the Duke of Norfolk appears in the lists,

> "Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
> To swear him in the justice of his cause."

See also *Ivanhoe*, chap. XLIII., "Hath he made oath that his quarrel is just and honourable?"

The solemn appeal, that the combatants had to make to heaven concerning the justice of their cause, would often doubtless unnerve the arm of the combatant who was in the wrong, and tend to give the victory to the just cause in the majority of cases. The conviction, which lies at the bottom of the old popular belief in the efficacy of trial by combat as a means of detecting the guilty, is expressed by Shakespeare's well-known line, "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," and by Marmion's own words in the sixth Canto (6. XXXI. 29). But it is certain that in some cases the greater strength or dexterity of the unjust com-

batant must have more than compensated for any weakening of his physical strength and activity by conscientious terrors, especially if he happened to have a tolerably callous conscience; and therefore such miscarriages of justice as that described in *Marmion* must have occasionally taken place.

9. A rest is a projection from the right breast of a coat of mail, on which the lance rested when a knight charged his adversary.

13. The block is the mass of wood on which criminals who had to be beheaded laid their heads. As De Wilton was accused of high treason by Marmion, his defeat exposed him not only to degradation, but also to execution as a traitor to his king.

12-13. The meaning of the two lines evidently is that the spectators extol Marmion to the skies, and exclaim that De Wilton should be immediately taken to the block, but it is peculiarly expressed. The different meaning of the preposition 'to' in the two exclamations produces much the same incongruity as Dickens' statement that "Miss Bolo went home in a flood of tears and a sedan-chair," or as the antithesis drawn at the end of Dryden's ode to St. Cecilia between the music of Timotheus, which metaphorically "raised a mortal to the skies," and that of St. Cecilia which literally "drew an angel down." In addition to the awkwardness of the contrast between the literal expression 'to the block,' and the metaphorical meaning of 'to the sky,' we may object to "Marmion to the sky" in the sense of 'Let Marmion be exalted to heaven' as not being words by which the crowd or any of the individuals of which it was composed would have been likely to express their admiration. Mr. Morris, in his edition of *Marmion*, escapes these objections by reading,

> "Shout 'Marmion! Marmion!' to the sky
> 'De Wilton to the block.'"

But, should we venture to accept this conjectural reading of the passage, we are only plunged into new difficulties. If we regard 'shouting to the skies' as merely equivalent to 'loud shouting,' and suppose that the crowd is represented as rending the sky with loud shouts of "Marmion! Marmion! De Wilton to the block," then the simple exclamation of "Marmion!" hardly seems sufficient to express admiration. If on the other hand we decide that 'shout to the sky' implies praise, we must understand with "De Wilton to the block" the verb 'shout' alone without 'to the sky.' In fact, whatever way we take it, the passage is clumsily expressed.

20. **how true he fell**, how true he, who fell, was.

Here in sense the real predicate is "how true," since it is perfectly plain from the context that the poet does not wish to emphasize the fact that he was true at the moment of falling, as

if it were doubtful, whether he was or was not true at other times. In l. 153 of the first introduction, as the context does not forbid such an interpretation, Jeffrey is justified in supposing that when Scott says "Fox died a Briton," he plainly insinuates that that statesman did not live a Briton: cf. "Lady of the Lake," l. 423—

> "As if a baron's crest he wore
> And sheathed in armour trod the shore,"

where Mr. Jeaffreson calls the attention of students to the "poetical device of putting in a false predicate 'trode the shore,' and making the real one 'sheathed in armour' an apparently subordinate part of it."

XXIX. 4. Henry's words are chosen so as to express the bluff and jovial manner and the imperious temper of the king. As the time referred to was before 1513, the date of Flodden, and as Henry VIII. as late as 1521 earned the title of Defender of the Faith by his zeal for the papacy, Scott may be said in the passage to have committed an anachronism by putting into his mouth at this date such an expression of irreverence towards the institutions of Roman Catholicism: see 3. XV. 14 (note).

11. 'Caitiff' and 'captive' are both derived from the same Latin word '*captivus*,' the latter directly, the former through the French. 'Captive' retains the original Latin meaning; but 'caitiff' in modern English has come to mean base and cowardly, owing to the idea that only cowards would allow themselves to be captured in battle.

XXXI. 1. **living tomb**, tomb for the living. In like manner 'dying groan' (XXXIII. 11), 'passing knell' (XXXIII. 12), 'dying bell' (6. VI. 35), 'church-going bell' (Cowper), 'drinking water,' and 'sleeping draught' mean respectively 'groan uttered by the dying,' 'knell sounded for a passing soul,' 'bed on which one dies,' 'bell that sounds when people are going to church,' 'water fit for drinking purposes,' and 'draught that produces sleep.' In none of these cases can we take the qualifying words as participles in their ordinary meaning, for the tomb does not live, the groan does not die, the knell does not pass, the bed does not die, the bell does not go to church, the water does not drink, and the draught does not sleep. If therefore the qualifying words are participles we must explain them as instances of hypallage (4. XVIII. 5) like 'dead march,' 'sick bed,' and 'married life.' Thus in 'dying groan' we should say that the epithet is transferred from the dying person to the groan he utters, which explanation may in this case be supported by a Latin parallel *morientes voces* (Cicero, *Coelius* 24), where the qualifying word is undoubtedly a participle. 'Sleeping draught'

may be compared to such undoubted instances of hypallage as 'dizzy steep' (6. II. 1), or Milton's 'oblivious pool' and 'forgetful lake.' In English owing to the fact that both participles and verbal nouns end in 'ing,' it is impossible to know merely from the form whether a word is a participle or a verbal noun. It may be that the qualifying words in the expressions collected above are all really verbal nouns used adjectively, in which case we must compare them with the instances given in the note on XX. 8. Probably there is a certain amount of truth in both explanations. Verbal nouns are more readily used adjectively than other nouns, because their adjectival terminations make them easily gain currency as real adjectives, by those inclined to that natural confusion between the attributes of closely connected things, which is called 'hypallage' by grammarians. It must be remembered that the original framers of these expressions had no necessity to distinctly decide, whether they were employing participles or verbal nouns.

5. 'Fiery' when applied to persons generally means passionate, quick tempered. Here from the context it seems rather to refer to the burnings of monasteries, etc., to which the Danes were addicted, and to be equivalent to 'conflagration-loving.'

6. 'Rather' is the comparative of 'rathe' (early), so that 'rather' literally means 'sooner.'

8. **crosier** is according to Ogilvie derived from Fr. *croix*, a cross, and means the Archbishop's staff surmounted by a cross or crucifix. But Skeat says that this derivation is wrong and that the word comes from the Low Latin *crocca*, a curved stick, so that it must be understood to mean the staff of a Bishop, which had a curved top and not, like the Archbishop's, a cross. The crosier is here used as a symbol of priestly authority, which was soon to be shaken by Henry VIII.'s rebellion against papal rule. The prophecy of Constance was fulfilled by the visitation of the monasteries in 1536, when Cromwell acting as Henry's Vicar General suppressed many of them and confiscated their revenues.

XXXII. 3. 'Wont' is probably here the past tense from 'to wont' (to be accustomed), a verb formed from the participle of the Old English 'wone' (dwell). This past form is however by some supposed to be the past tense of 'wone.' There is yet a third explanation possible, that 'wont' is here the adjective formed from the participle of 'wone,' and that the substantive verb is understood so that 'that wont' is short for 'that (were) wont.' See 6. XI. 32 and 6. XVII. 16.

4. **stared**, stood up stiffly, stood on end.

12. The judges felt the fear that is generally felt by the prisoner whom they condemn.

15. **raising** agrees with Abbot's in the previous line. Usually, when a noun or pronoun in the genitive has to be qualified by a participle, an adjective, or an adjectival sentence, the Norman genitive with 'of' is used, rather than the possessive form. See note on **4.** Int. 9.

XXXIII. 7. **age and fear**, frightened old persons. The abstract is used for the concrete.

11. **dying groan.**
12. **passing knell.** } See note on XXXI. 1.

The passing knell was the sound of the bell rung at the time of a person's death, when the soul passes away from the body on its journey to another world. It was popularly supposed that the sound of the bell frightened away the evil spirits that might be lying in wait to afflict the soul of the dying person at the moment of its departure.

23. **spread his broad nostril.** 'Broad' here expresses the result of the action of the verb. See note on **5.** XXVIII. 16.

26. **to hear** does not express purpose but cause. Compare 'laugh'd to see' (**2.** I. 15) and 'cross'd themselves to hear' (**2.** VIII. 17). The terrible sound that he heard made the stag quake.

A contemporary critic well remarked that "the whole of this trial and doom presents a high-wrought scene of horror, which at the close rises almost to too great a pitch."

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

The first paragraph of this introduction is very symmetrically arranged. The poet compares his tale (l. 21) to a cloud, a stream, and a gale. We first have four lines descriptive of clouds, then four lines descriptive of a stream, and then four lines descriptive of breezes. These twelve lines are followed by two lines declaring the resemblance of his tale to the three natural objects specified, in which we must notice the appropriateness of the verbs chosen. 'Flits' is applicable to a cloud, 'winds' to a stream, 'sinks' to a breeze. Then come two lines declaring the pleasure derived from watching the shadows of the clouds, two lines concerning the pleasure of tracing the streamlet's winding course, and two more lines to describe the pleasing sound of the autumn breeze, from which the poet arrives at the conclusion that he is perfectly justified in the irregularity of his poetry. Thus by a most carefully constructed argument, arranged with geometrical precision, he defends the carelessness and want of method and order that generally characterize his

poetry. Pope himself could not have produced an argument in verse more flawless in arrangement and expression.

5. **mountain north**, mountainous north. See 2. xx. 8.

23. The poetical critics of the day generally agreed with Erskine in wishing that Scott should abandon his poems in the ballad style and attempt a great poem in imitation of the classical models of antiquity. On this account *Marmion* was regarded by Jeffrey as "a misapplication in some degree of very extraordinary talents." "We do not flatter ourselves," remarked the *Monthly Review* in a similar strain, "that Mr. Scott will pay to our advice that attention which he has refused to his acute friend Mr. Erskine; but it is possible that his own good sense may in time persuade him, not to abandon his loved fairy ground (a province over which we wish him a long and prosperous government), but to combine the charms of lawful poetry with those of wild and romantic fiction. As the first step to this desirable end, we would beg him to reflect that his Gothic models will not bear him out in transferring the loose and shuffling ballad metre to a poem of considerable length, and of complicated interest like the present." But Scott probably knew best his own capabilities. He saw that, though he could write a spirited story with many fine passages of description in the loose ballad metre, he was not capable of the sustained dignity required in a long epic poem.

45. **elegiac verse**, mourning verse.

46. The Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the Prussian forces, was mortally wounded in the battle of Jena (October 14th, 1806), at which date he was seventy-two years old. As a young man he had fought with distinction in the Seven Years' War (1756-1763) when Russia, Austria, and France were leagued together against Frederick the Great of Prussia. In this war "the star of Brandenburgh arose," *i.e.* the glory and good fortune of the house of Brandenburgh were conspicuously displayed.

54. The family which now reigns in Prussia, before obtaining the duchy of Prussia, had received the marquisate of Brandenburgh from the Emperor Sigismund, and is therefore known as the house of Brandenburgh.

59. This line refers to the Duke of Brunswick's defeat at the cannonade of Valmy (1792) when he commanded the Austrian and Prussian troops, who with the French emigrants were resolved to crush in the bud the new-born French Revolution. By this victory the Revolutionists of France first became conscious of their military power. "From the cannonade of Valmy may be dated," says Alison, "the commencement of that career which carried their armies to Vienna and the Kremlin." The Dragon

that the Duke of Brunswick tried to crush in his birth was the military power of Revolutionized France. The Duke of Brunswick's son was killed at the battle of Quatre Bras, 1815, and his death is referred to in a well-known stanza of *Childe Harold.* Caroline, Princess of Wales, was his daughter. When her husband quarrelled with her, the Tories took her side, and Scott's panegyric on her father is no doubt partly owing to his sympathies with one, whom he at this time, with the rest of the Tories, regarded as the victim of unjust oppression. Scott paid her a visit at Blackheath in 1806, and was kindly received in her little court. She afterwards presented the poet with a silver vase in gratitude for the lines referring to her father's death.

62. The epithet 'presumptuous,' which would naturally go with 'Prussia,' is transferred to 'hour.' Prussia was presumptuous because she hurried to attack Napoleon single-handed, and did not wait for the co-operation of the armies of Russia. She is said to have snatched the spear and left the shield, because the Prussian armies immediately took the offensive, instead of waiting on the defensive till Napoleon invaded their country, which would have been in Scott's opinion much better policy.

65. **tried in vain**, valour and skill having been tried in vain.

67. **Ill had it seem'd** etc., it would have been unbecoming to thy silver hair. The adjective 'seemly' means 'decent' or 'becoming.'

69. After his conquest of Prussia Napoleon declared that the House of Hesse Cassel had ceased to reign, because the prince of that country had remained neutral during the war. Other German princes were deprived of their dominions at the same time.

'Reft' and 'riven' are respectively the past participles of 'to reave' and 'to rive.'

75. The poet's prophecy, which is not quite consistent with line 56, was fulfilled in 1813, when the French were driven out of Germany after a series of hardly-contested battles, the chief of which was the battle of Leipsic.

78. Arminius or Herman is the national hero of German liberty. He saved his country from being incorporated in the Roman Empire by his defeat of Varus in A.D. 9, and for this and other services to his country was even worshipped as a god by the ancient Germans.

81. In the following lines allusion is made to the chief incidents in the adventurous career of the versatile Sir Sidney Smith. He is called the Red-Cross Hero because he belonged to the Order of Knights Templars, who were distinguished by the eight-pointed red cross that they wore. A Templar's cross, that had once

belonged to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, was given him by the Archbishop of Cyprus in 1799 when he first became a Knight Templar, and this he wore constantly during his life. Before the outbreak of the war with revolutionary France Sidney Smith was presented by the King of Sweden with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword for services rendered in the war between Sweden and Russia. He was for two years a prisoner at Paris in the Temple, from which he effected his escape. His greatest exploit was the repulse of the hitherto invincible Napoleon from the crumbling wall of St. Jean d'Acre, which Napoleon called the "Key of the East." Although two practicable breaches were effected in the walls of the place, Napoleon was ultimately compelled to raise the siege and abandon the great schemes of conquest which were to be the sequel of its capture.

91. The Russian soldiers, of whom Frederick the Great said "that he could kill but could not defeat them," were characterized by stubborn powers of resistance, if deficient in the fiery impetuosity which Scott here attributes to the Swedes. 'Metal'd,' generally spelt 'mettled' when used in this sense, means full of ardour and high spirit. See note on 1. III. 7.

93. As Scott is speaking of the cold northern seas, we may presume that he means to express by 'warped' the effect of frost upon water, as in Shakespeare's song—

> "Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
> Thou dost not bite so nigh,
> As benefits forgot;
> Though thou the waters warp,
> Thy sting is not so sharp
> As friends remember'd not."
>
> —*As You Like It.*

94. Sir Ralph Abercromby, at the advanced age of sixty-eight, won the battle of Aboukir near Alexandria in 1801. He was mortally wounded in the battle. Sir Sidney Smith was also wounded in this battle.

101. Shakespeare was born and bred at Stratford-on-Avon, and is therefore called by Ben Jonson "the sweet swan of Avon."

103. The bold enchantress referred to is Joanna Baillie, a dramatic poetess. In this case we may say of Scott what he himself says of Mr. Erskine, that "his friendship wronged his judgment." He represents his friend and countrywoman as at last rising to bear comparison with Shakespeare, after he had been unrivalled for two hundred years. It is true that since Shakespeare's death tragedy has not been cultivated with much success by English poets, but the world has not endorsed Scott's

opinion, that Joanna Baillie's tragedies of Count Basil and De Montfort revive the glories of the Elizabethan drama.

117-118. Which is not the less powerful in its effect upon the mind, because its source is concealed.

In these lines Scott consciously or unconsciously imitates Pope's remarks on the Ruling Passion in the *Essay on Man* (II. 132-148).

130. Batavia is the capital of the Dutch East Indies. It was built with canals through the middle of the streets, and all the houses are trimly painted and whitewashed like those in the mother country. Scott here not quite accurately calls the Dutchmen Belgians. Holland, the country of the Dutch, and Belgium, though they were united under Spanish rule and again, from 1813 to 1830, formed together the one kingdom of the Netherlands, are two different countries. Holland was never inhabited by the ancient Belgæ. Perhaps Scott thought the name 'Dutchman,' with its comic associations, not quite so suitable to his verse as the more classical sound of the word 'Belgian.'

137. The hind, here taken as an instance of the power of habitual association, is a Highland drover driving Scotch cattle to the English markets. The English counties he passes through are far richer than the hills and dales of his native country, but he feels no inclination to settle in them, being bound by the influence of birth and habit to the barren mountains of the Highlands of Scotland.

139. **plaid.** See note on **5. v. 6.**

152. Thus while I imitate those ballads, the irregular poetry of which was the delight of my childhood.

158. The tower referred to here and in 178 is Smallholm Tower, the scene of the "Eve of St. John," near the house of his grandfather at Sandyknowe, where Scott was sent for the sake of his health in childhood. The effect that the country scenery and the tales of border warfare, with which it was associated, had upon his mind is described in the following verses.

165. The shepherd's reed is a musical pipe made of reed.

170. **ever and anon**, every now and then, at short intervals of time, between the barren spots velvet tufts were found lying. 'Anon' by derivation means in one moment or piece.

172. The lonely infant is Scott himself.

183. **strength**, fortress or strong place. The abstract is used for the concrete. Other instances of this may be found in Fowler's *Logic*: cf.

> "The inaccessible high strength, the seat
> Of Deity supreme."—*Milton.*

We should expect 'horses' here instead of 'horse,' as 'horse'

is in modern English used in a collective sense only when it means a collection of *horsemen*, as in **6.** XXXIV. 4, whereas it means here a number of *horses*. Scott uses the singular again instead of the plural in **4.** XXVI. 10, and **6.** XIV. 15.

187. 'Rout' means a noisy company or the noise they make.

188. **methought**, it seemed to me. 'Me' is dative and the subject to 'thought' is the noun sentence that follows. 'Think' meaning 'seem' (from A.S. *thincan*) is a different word from 'think' (from A.S. *thencan*) in its ordinary sense.

197. Wallace and Bruce were the two great heroes of Scotch liberty. The former was made Protector of Scotland. He won very many victories over the English, but was defeated by Edward I. at the battle of Falkirk, and eventually was betrayed into the hands of that king, who ordered him to be executed. Bruce by his victory over Edward II. at Bannockburn finally secured the independence of Scotland.

201. Scott here refers to such battles as Killiecrankie (1689) and Preston Pans (1745). In the last mentioned battle the impetuous onset of the Highlanders completely routed an army composed of regular English soldiers in ten minutes: cf. Scott's *Waverley*.

206, 207. Scott as a child was too patriotic to imagine anything but Scotch victories. The lion rampant was represented on the royal flag of Scotland. See **4.** XXVIII. 18.

207. The English are called Southrons by the Scotch because England is to the South of Scotland. This and the previous line are in heroic verse to suit the dignity of their subject. In the original MS. the two lines appear in Scott's ordinary metre with the words 'and still' omitted in both verses.

211. The grey-haired sire was Scott's grandfather, Robert Scott of Sandyknowe.

216, 217. Scott in a note to his second edition acknowledges that these two lines were unconsciously borrowed from Dryden's epistle to John Driden of Chesterton.

218. **Priest** is in apposition to 'him.' 'To' in this line must be taken in connection with 'from' in l. 211. Scott declares that he remembers all his old friends at Sandyknowe, of whom he enumerates first his grandfather and last the "venerable priest," Mr. John Martin, minister of Mertoun, in which parish Smallholm tower was situated.

220, 221. The meaning of these two lines is that the priest's life and character were such, that he might be taken as a typical example of the scholar and the holy man. Thus 'paint' is used peculiarly in the sense of 'to give a picture or model of.'

223. **timeless**, unseasonable.

225. **imp**, roguish child, cf. 1. Int. 37 (note). He lived at his grandfather's house and was spoiled by his grandame or grandmother.

228. **for**. We should rather expect 'from.'

229. **con**, to study carefully, connected with 'ken,' 'know,' 'cunning,' etc., cf. 1. XXIV. 13.

CANTO THIRD.

I. 1. **livelong**, that lives or endures long. The word emphasizes the length of the day and so the livelong day means the entire day.

2. The mountain path, (which) the Palmer pointed out.

5. **might not**, were not able to.

6. Merse or March is one of the three divisions of Berwickshire. It is so called because it lies on the marches (borders), being separated from England by the Tweed.

abroad, out in search of booty.

Mr. Guthrie Wright, having heard Scott recite the first three or four cantos of Marmion in the summer of 1807, before it was published, said, "Why, did ever mortal coming from England to Edinburgh go by Gifford, Crichtoun Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous *détour*, but there never was a road that way since the world was created." "That is a most irrelevant objection," the poet replied, "it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion by that route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the view from Blackford Hill." However it is probable that this criticism induced him to insert lines 5, 6, 7, and 8 of this stanza, as an explanation of Marmion's unusual course. The same Mr. Wright suggested that Marmion would more naturally have gone by Tantallon Castle, and in accordance with this suggestion Scott chose that route for the return to England.

8. Would scarcely have failed to bar their way if they had chosen the lowland road.

11. **wing of jet**, wing black as jet.

16. 'Wan' is the O. E. past tense of 'win.'

22. Gifford is a village four miles from Haddington. The towers mentioned belonged to the old castle of the ancestors of the Marquis of Tweeddale, which was close to the village.

II. 6. **to unknown friends or foes**, to men unknown to her, so that she could not know whether they were friends or foes. For

this peculiar construction cf. Milton's description of Heaven as "undetermined square or round," *P.L.* II. 1048.

9. **bush**, a branch of a tree hung in front of taverns, as a sign that wine was sold. The bush seems originally to have been of ivy, as that tree was sacred to Bacchus. From this old usage comes the proverb that "good wine needs no bush," which means, that what is really good soon becomes famous even without being advertised. The hostel mentioned had also a flagon displayed as an additional sign of the good cheer to be got within.

III. 5. 'Cheer' is derived from the Low Latin *cara* (face). Its old meaning was 'expression of countenance as denoting more or less of joy,' then it came to mean 'state of mind,' and eventually got its ordinary modern meaning of 'joyful state of mind.' In this passage we have it used in a fourth meaning derived from its usual modern sense. 'Cheer' in the passage before us means 'good victuals,' because good victuals make men cheerful. For its old meaning, see **5.** III. 10, **5.** IX. 17.

6. The soland, solan-goose, or gannet is an aquatic bird found on the northern coasts of Europe.

store is object of 'bore' in the previous line.

7. **gammons**, smoked hams (Fr. *jambon*).

12. **martial day**, warlike age. 'Wanted' is used intransitively in the sense of 'were wanting.' Cf. 'There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here.' Shakespeare, *Rich. III.* **2.** I. 43.

15. 'Place' is not in apposition to 'shade' but to the idea of 'place' understood in 'beneath its shade,' which is equivalent to 'in the place beneath its shade.'

IV. 10. In Britain March is a particular windy month; while in May the newborn vegetation is fresh, as the heat of summer does not begin to be felt until the succeeding month.

14. **bower.** See note on **5.** X. 28.

15. 'Buxom' (from A. S. *bugan* to bow) meant originally 'easily bowed.' The word was applied to matter that offered slight resistance to pressure, *e.g.* 'the buxom air,' and to persons of yielding obedient character. Afterwards it came to mean 'lively,' 'jolly,' in which sense Scott uses the word here. Dryden had called Bacchus the 'buxom god,' and it must be remembered that Scott was at this time studying Dryden carefully, and may have been occasionally influenced in the choice of words by this careful study. We may suppose that 'buxom' comes to mean lively or jolly, because a pleasant companion does not stubbornly carry out his own wishes, but adapts himself to the tastes of his associates. Or perhaps 'buxom,' from being constantly predicated in a physical sense of the pliant supple figures of young persons full of health and spirits, afterwards came to express the

lively character of such persons. The word now ordinarily implies the handsomeness of stout persons.

This stanza is intended to fill out the picture of Marmion as a specimen of the perfect soldier. He not only could fight well and command well, but also knew how to win the affections of his soldiers, so that they would follow him anywhere and obey all his commands with alacrity.

16. Nova Zembla (New Land) is the name given to a chain of islands in the Arctic Ocean to the north of Russia, and sometimes specially to the most southern island of the chain.

V. **not for that**, not because of that. In spite of Marmion's frown the Palmer would not look down.

VII. 1. **as**, as if.

VIII. 1. **so please you**, if it so please you. This is a respectful form of address used to superiors, by which the inferior expresses a hope that his information will not give displeasure.

4. Constance seems to have borne, while she was disguised as a page in Marmion's train, the masculine form of her real name. Instead of being called Constance, she went by the name of Constant.

6. **alike**, in like manner, equally well.

7. Saint Valentine's day is February 14th, at which date it is popularly supposed that birds begin to pair. On this account Saint Valentine is said to be dear to the thrush and other birds.

10. **to the moon**, because the peculiarity of the nightingale is, that she sings at night, when all the other birds are silent, cf.

> "Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
> They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
> Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
> She all night long her amorous descant sung."
> Milton, *P.L.* IV. 600.

It is commonly, but erroneously, believed, that the nightingale never sings in the daytime.

The nightingale's song is called love-lorn by Scott, and amorous by Milton, in allusion to the Greek mythological story of Procne and Philomela.

15. **as I may**, as well as I can.

IX. 5. The Highlanders, who come down to the Lowlands in autumn to earn wages as harvest labourers, are represented as lamenting their native hills in the strain with which they accompany their work. The passage is a fine instance of Scott's skill in the use of proper names; "nor is there," says Palgrave, "a surer sign of high poetical genius." The English language is so

monotonously monosyllabic that the introduction of such long-sounding names as Susquehanna and Ontario gives to the lines in which they occur greater dignity than is usually found in English verses. Another passage in which the same device is used with even more effect may be found in the thirty-third stanza of the sixth canto.

Sir Walter Scott, in common with many other patriotic Scotchmen, lamented the extensive emigration from the Highlands which followed the introduction of sheep farming into the country. Many Highlanders, who could not find work to support them in the new industry, were forced most unwillingly to leave their native country and go to North America in search of subsistence. Goldsmith in a like spirit mourns over the depopulation of the rural districts of Britain. His description in the *Traveller* of exiles,

> "Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
> To traverse climes beyond the western main—
> Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
> And Niagara stuns with thundering sound,"

may not improbably have been imitated by Scott in the passage before us. The close similarity between the ideas and language of the two descriptions can hardly be due to chance. Perhaps it is a case of inadvertent borrowing on Scott's part, like 3. Int. 216 and 5. Int. 57.

7. 'Prolong' should be 'prolongs,' as the subject 'voice' is singular. Possibly 'notes' may be subject and 'voice' object. But it is certainly much more natural to speak of prolonging notes, as in the first line of the farewell stanza at the end of the poem, than of notes prolonging a voice. Another case of a singular noun with a plural verb will be found in 6. XXXIV. 34.

X. 9. **eleu loro.** The origin of this burden may perhaps be found, as was suggested some years ago by a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, in the Italian *ela* (alas), *loro* (for them).

11. 'Laving' is here used without an object as if it were an intransitive verb. The object 'their banks' is not expressed but understood. Byron uses the verb in the same way :—

> "Those waters blue that round you lave."
> *Giaour* l. 110.

12. **sway,** exert their violent power. The noun 'sway' is used of tempests in XVIII. 3.

XII. 3. **air,** tune.

5. **plain,** complain.

9. 'Space' is accusative of duration of time.

16. **for**, cf. XVII. 27.

Lutterward and Fontenaye were two of Lord Marmion's estates (1. XI. 7).

XIII. 4. **thou**, sc. Remorse.

5. **fatal strength**, they pride themselves on the fortitude which enables them to endure the stings of remorse. This fortitude is called fatal, that is, disastrous, because it prevents them from trying to escape remorse in the future by repentance and by leading better lives.

18. "Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry is what is called the 'dead bell,' explained by my friend James Hogg to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the *Mountain Bard*, p. 26."—*Scott.*

XIV. 1. 'Marmion' is a subject left without a verb owing to the change of construction in line 7. The first line of the next stanza gives the verb, of which, but for the change of construction, 'Marmion' would have been subject.

11. 'Strook' is an old past tense of 'strike': cf. I. 16 (note).

XV. 8. **practised on**, plotted against.

10. Though not (as) a victim, but (as) a slave. He intended that the church should hold her in bondage, but not take her life.

12. Would hide her wrongs, and (hinder) her revenge, *i.e.*, prevent her from attempting to take revenge.

This is an instance of zeugma, as the two nouns 'wrongs' and 'revenge' are used with one verb, which only suits the former, but suggests a verb for the latter.

14. This is rather an anachronism. See note on 2. XXIX. 4.

15. **secure**, feeling quite certain.

21. 'Other' is here used as a singular pronoun, meaning 'any other thing': cf. 'If you think other,' *Oth.* 4. II. 13.

XVI. 3. **wakened**, his conscience being wakened.

10. **Constance all lovely**, the thought of Constance in all her beauty. Cf. 'Urit atrox Juno,' *Aen.* I. 662.

XVII. 5-6. The blood, that flushes her cheek, no longer gives evidence of the timid shame that maidens feel.

'To mantle' is used transitively and, as here, intransitively of colour rising to the surface and covering anything as with a mantle.

8. **for**, in place of.

11. 'Would I had' is a common ellipse for 'I would I had,' *i.e.*, 'I should wish that I had.'

27. **for their island**, even if they were tempted to do so by the offer of the island of Lindisfarne, even to obtain the island, or to avoid losing it: cf. XII. 16.

XIX. 4. **eke**, also. This word is connected with the verb 'eke,' which originally meant 'increase.'

8. **word of power**, magic spell.

15. The living rock is the rock in its original condition and position, before it has been hewn and moved to another place for building or other purposes.

XX. 3. **even then**, at that very time.

7. This is a good instance of Scott's carelessness in composition. 'Trim,' meaning 'neat,' is certainly a very peculiar epithet to apply to the Raven Standard under which the Northmen fought: cf. XXIV. 18. In the MS. he had originally written

> "There floated Haco's banner grim
> O'er fierce of heart and large of limb."

'Grim' was a much more natural adjective to use, but Scott seems to have been dissatisfied with the use of the adjectives 'fierce' and 'large' without any noun for them to agree with. The alteration he made was such that he found it convenient to use 'grim' for the end of another line, and so he did not hesitate to apply the inappropriate 'trim' to the terrible standard of Haco.

"In 1263 Haco, King of Norway, came into the Firth of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 2nd October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and urns."—*Scott.*

8. The ordinary adjective formed from Norway is Norwegian.

20. The magi referred to are Pharaoh's magicians whose rods were thrown upon the ground and became serpents. See Exodus vii. 12-22.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the spirits which he evokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic."—Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft.*

23. Virgin parchment is new parchment that has not been

used for any other purpose. 'Parchment' is derived from Pergamus in Asia Minor, where it was first manufactured. It is made of calf, sheep or goat skin. 'Toledo' (5. VIII. 17), 'arras,' 'damask,' 'cambric,' 'calico,' 'dimity,' and 'bayonet,' are other terms denoting manufactured articles named from the places at which they were made.

26. Planets are combust (from Lat. *comburo*, to consume with fire) when they are so near the sun that they cannot be seen, retrograde when they move from east to west contrary to the order of the signs of the zodiac. Trine is the aspect of planets 120 degrees or a third part of the zodiac distant from each other.

28. The guard is that part of the hilt of the sword which protects the hand.

XXI. 5. As (the eyesight of) one unused to the light of day. This is an instance of the elliptical comparison called by grammarians *comparatio compendiaria :* cf.

> "There be none of Beauty's daughters
> With a magic like Thee."—*Byron.*

in which 'like Thee' means 'like thy magic.' Cf. also *L'Envoy*, line 8, and 4. XV. 19.

15. It is in vain that my liege wishes to know from me, etc. It is not the knowledge, but the wish to obtain the knowledge from Sir Hugo, that is declared to be vain.

XXII. 1. Satan is called the "prince of the power of the air," Eph. ii. 2, and his devils were therefore supposed to inhabit the middle air, that is, the air between earth and heaven.

2. Racking clouds are broken clouds driven rapidly by the winds.

3. Wandering stars are generally called planets (from Greek *planetes*, a wanderer).

15. Scott informs us, in his note on this passage, that it is a popular article of faith that those who are born on Christmas Day, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits and even of commanding them. Alexander III. is here represented as having been born on Good Friday, the day of the crucifixion, cf. Matthew xxvii. 50, "Jesus when he had cried again with a loud voice gave up the ghost. . . . And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many."

16. Proclaimed the overthrow of the empire of hell.

19. **free**, frank. The word is a common epithet in ballads.

'Quoth' is properly a past tense form, although it is sometimes

used as a present. As it comes from the same root as 'bequeath,' the 'th' is part of the stem, and not a personal suffix.

22. Cœur-de-Lion (Heart of Lion) was the surname of Richard I. of England, who died in 1199, and could not therefore have given a sword to Alexander III., born in 1241.

23. **tide what tide**, whatever happens, whatever may be the consequences.

27. There spoke the true descendant of Malcolm. Such words were prompted by the hereditary boldness derived from Malcolm, a warlike ancestor of Alexander III.

32. **wind**, fill with wind by blowing, blow.

36. **Saint George to speed**, Saint George (be with you) to speed you on, *i.e.*, to assist you, and make you succeed.

We should rather expect to find here the name of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, than of St. George, the patron saint of England.

XXIII. 5. **left hand the town**, on the left hand of the town. 'Town' is an accusative governed by 'left hand,' which is used prepositionally. This usage is common with the noun 'side,' as in Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*:—

> "On either side the river lie
> Long fields of barley and of rye."

6. Very little is known about the manners and customs of the Picts, but they seem to have been very barbarous, and they could therefore be represented without fear of contradiction as consecrating their trench with human sacrifices.

11. **woe betide**, evil is sure to come upon. Originally, as we have seen (**1.** XXI. 15), 'woe betide' was a subjunctive used optatively, and expressing a wish that evil might happen. Such expressions would be used to emphasize solemn warnings of danger, as after warning a person we often declare that, if he neglects the warning, we only hope that the evil prophesied may punish his neglect. In such cases, as a rule, we do not really wish the evil to happen, although to impress our warning we speak as if we did. Thus the expression would come to be used, as in the passage before us, merely as an anticipation that evil is sure to happen, if a certain condition be fulfilled.

16. **are**. Notice the false concord. Cf. IX. 7.

20. Edward I. went to Palestine in 1270 to take part in the Crusades before he succeeded to the throne. On his return to England in 1274, he was crowned king at Westminster in the presence of Alexander III. The battle of Largs was fought in 1263, so that Edward had not gone to the Holy Land until seven years after the battle.

24. Two of the leopards or lions on the royal shield of England are said to have been assumed by William the Conqueror to represent his Norman Duchy, to which Henry II. added a third lion or leopard, to represent Aquitaine. Thus from that time the English shield has always contained three lions or leopards (for there is a doubt as to which of the two animals is intended), and the three appear twice on the shield of Great Britain. The royal banner of Edward I., which, according to the usual custom (cf. 4. XXVIII. 17), had the same blazonry as the shield, is described by the Chronicler of Caerlaverock as bearing "three leopards courant (running) of fine gold set on red; fierce were they, haughty and cruel, thus placed to signify that the king, like them, was dreadful to his enemies." Edward I. was surnamed Longshanks, on account of the length of his legs. As he is supposed to have come from the Holy Land, he is naturally represented as riding on a Syrian charger.

XXIV. 7. 'Wound' is in apposition to the sentence: cf. 1. Int. 184 (note).

8. **light**, lightly.

12. **gigantic bones.** This is another instance of the popular belief in the degeneracy of mankind. See note on 1. Int. 285.

13. **Danish war.** The term 'Dane' is sometimes confined to the inhabitants of Denmark, but commonly, when used in the early history of England, includes all Northmen, whether they came from Sweden, Norway, or Denmark. There is a similar ambiguity about the word Norse, which is sometimes the adjective of Norway, but more commonly is equivalent to Scandinavian. In XX. 5, 'Danish' and 'Norse' being opposed to each other must have their narrower meanings, so that we there seem to be informed that Haco, King of Norway, had some ships from Denmark in his fleet. But, when the war against him is called as here a 'Danish war,' the word 'Danish' is used in its wider meaning.

18. **Denmark's grim ravens.** Haco is represented by Scott as arraying his army under the celebrated raven standards usually borne by the Northmen in their aggressive expeditions. The ravens depicted on those standards were supposed to foretell by their movements victory or defeat. If they fluttered their wings, victory was expected; but if they drooped their wings, they foretold defeat (Worsaae's *Danes and Northmen*). At the battle of Largs they are naturally represented as cowering, that is, drooping their wings. 'Cower,' usually an intransitive verb meaning to crouch or bend down, is here used transitively.

The raven was the sacred bird of the God Odin, and it is not likely that it would be displayed by the Scandinavians so long after their conversion to Christianity as 1263, the date of the battle of Largs. The poet introduces the raven flags into the battle so as to add to the picturesqueness of the description,

though at the expense of historic probability. We must also notice that, as in heathen times not only the vikings of Denmark, but also those from Norway, fought under the raven standard, 'Denmark' must here be put loosely for Scandinavia, the home of the Northmen or Danes in the wider sense of the term. See note on line 13.

19. In Messrs. A. & C. Black's Edinburgh edition of Scott, and in the annotated edition of *Marmion* by Mr. Morris, it is supposed that these lines refer to Nelson's celebrated victory at Copenhagen. But that this cannot be the case is shown clearly by the description of the sky as reddened with midnight fire. The battle of Copenhagen was commenced at ten o'clock in the morning and finished by half-past two in the afternoon. The city was not bombarded, and does not seem to have suffered from the action.

The poet is evidently referring to the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Cathcart and the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) in September 1807, when Scott was still engaged in writing Marmion. It is true that Scott was correcting proofs of the Third Canto as early as May 1807; but, as the poem was not published till February 1808, and as we know that the introduction to the Fourth Canto was composed as late as November 1807 (Int. IV. 31), there is no doubt that he could have made additions to the Third Canto after the news of the bombardment of Copenhagen had arrived. The passage reads like an interpolation hurriedly inserted, so as to work into his poem the latest event of the day. Denmark was summoned to give over her ships and naval stores to Britain, and on her refusal, as Scott tells us in his life of Napoleon, "a bombardment commenced, which occasioned a dreadful conflagration." When the bombardment had reduced the Danes to submission, they had to assent to the British demands and surrender their whole navy, which was conveyed to England, there to be held in trust until the end of the war.

22. A war with the Danes can hardly, in strict accuracy, be called a northern war, as Scotland is, on the whole, at least as northerly as Denmark, and Edinburgh is situated in a higher latitude than Copenhagen. The poet may be partly justified on the ground that he is speaking more as a Briton than a Scotchman. London is more than four degrees south of Copenhagen. It may be also said that Denmark is more closely connected by history and race with Sweden and Norway than with the countries of Central Europe.

XXV. 2. **the Dane.** See note on XXIV. 13.

8. Lord Gifford had told him

> "If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
> I am no warrant for thy life."

Alexander's heart had not entirely failed him, or he would have been killed. But he started (XXIV.) when he first saw the Elfin knight, and, though he speedily recovered his presence of mind, he was punished by a slight wound for his momentary alarm.

9. The nave is the central part of the church, so called from its resemblance in shape to a ship (*navis*).

long since, long ago. 'Since' is here used adverbially. The use of an adverb of past time with a verb in the present indefinite tense to describe an action which began in the past and is still going on is more in accordance with Greek or Latin than with English idiom. The natural English way of saying, that Alexander entered his grave long ago and still fills it, would be by a verb in the present perfect tense, and an adverb expressing duration of time, as "Alexander has long filled his grave." An exact parallel to the passage before us is quoted in Farrar's *Greek Syntax*, § 138, from Heywood—

"'Tis dinner time at least an hour ago."

But this usage is very rare in English.

11. **our Lady**, Mary, the mother of Christ.

15. **proved his chance**, tried his fortune.

19. Gilbert Hay, an ancestor of the Earl of Errol, was created High Constable of Scotland in the beginning of the 14th century by Robert Bruce.

XXVI. 1. Quaighs are wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

3. **had made**, would have made.

11. **oppressed** etc., overcome by the soporific effects of the toil they had undergone, and of the strong liquor they had drunk from the deep quaighs. Cf.

"Sense in toil and wassail drowned."—*Rokeby* 4. XXIII. 15.

XXVII. 7. **ring or glove**, tilting at the ring (1. VII. 6) or giving challenges by a glove thrown on the ground. For an instance of a challenge so given, see 5. XXI. 20.

XXVIII. 7. **me**, for me. In A. S. both the dative and accusative had the same form 'me.'

15. 'Darkling' is an adverb meaning 'in the dark.' It may have originally been a participle of the verb 'darkle'; but it is more probable that 'ling' is an adverbial termination, as, there being no such verb as 'flatle,' the participial explanation would hardly account for the adverb 'flatling' (flatwise) used by Spenser. Scott distinctly uses the word as a participle in 5. Int. 23.

XXIX. 5. 'Wight' (a human being) is derived from A. S. '*wiht*' (a creature or thing). 'Whit' and 'nought' (no whit) are derived from the same word used in a neuter sense. 'Wight,' the adjective, meaning 'active and warlike,' used in XXV. 19, comes from '*vigr*' (warlike), a Scandinavian word.

XXX. 18. Wearied with fleeing from doubt to doubt. See note on **2.** XXXIII. 26.

XXXI. 3. **pricked**, spurred. See note on **1.** XIX. 3.

6. **dead**, with a dull sound.

8. 'Yode' is the old past tense of 'go.'

10. **selle**, seat or saddle.

24. **Eustace** etc., he spent a very uncomfortable night, and was very glad when morning came.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

1. The ancient minstrel referred to is Shakespeare. The verse quoted in the following line occurs in the *Taming of the Shrew*.

3. A motley clown is a clown clothed in one of those garments of many glaring colours, that were worn by the fools kept to amuse rich families in the middle ages. 'Motley' is connected with 'mottle.' 'That motley clown' is a redundant subject, as we have 'that clown' in the fifth line. This particular fool was found in the forest of Arden, moralizing on the changes wrought by time; and Jaques, who found him there, immediately envied his lot and declared that he also would become a fool. See Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

7. **tell**, count: cf. **2.** VIII. 13.

9. 'Riding' agrees with 'we,' which is in sense though not in grammar the subject of the sentence, as 'our hand drew the brand' is exactly equivalent to 'we drew the brand with our hands.' Cf. Int. **1.** 169 (note). Or perhaps 'riding' may agree with 'our,' which like the other possessive pronouns was originally merely the genitive of the pronoun, and is still sometimes, particularly in poetry, used as such, so that 'riding our hand' is equivalent to 'the hand of us riding,' in which case we must compare the construction with that in **1.** Int. 72, **2.** XXXII. 15, and with

> "Wondering at my flight and change
> To this high exaltation, suddenly
> My guide was gone."
>
> Milton, *P.L.* v. 89-91.

The singular 'hand' is used here, though the sense requires the plural: cf. 3. Int. 183, 6. XIV. 15. Scott is in this passage referring to his exertions as a cavalry volunteer. He was quartermaster of the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and his friend Mr. Skene, to whom this epistle is addressed, was cornet in the same corps.

33. 'November's dreary gale' is another of those redundant subjects which occur so frequently in Scott: cf. line 3 (note).

37. Ettrick Pen is a mountain on the southern border of Selkirkshire.

38. 'Don' (do on) means to put on, being the opposite of 'doff' (do off).

41. **than wont**, than (they are) wont. See note on 6. XVII. 16 and 2. XXXII. 3.

43. **the shepherd** is a subject without any verb, as the construction is changed before the sentence is finished, and a new subject, 'snowy plain,' is eventually introduced. Such a change of construction in the middle of a sentence is called by grammarians an anacoluthon.

52. 'Angle' (a fish hook) is etymologically connected with 'anchor,' both being derived from a root meaning 'crooked.' 'Angle' in this sense is of Anglo-Saxon derivation. The geometrical term 'angle,' though ultimately traceable to the same root, is derived not from the Anglo-Saxon, but from a French derivative of the Latin *angulus*.

54. The shepherd has now often to go out at midnight to save his sheep from being lost in the snow.

55. **beamless.** When the sun is seen through mist, no sunbeams are visible. Cf.

> "As when the sun new-risen
> Looks through the horizontal misty air
> Shorn of his beams."—*Paradise Lost*, I. 594.

56. **Dark** is the reading of the edition of Messrs. A. & C. Black. The Constable editions of 1811 and 1825 read 'dank.' Both readings give equally good sense.

59. Sleeted rain is sleet, or rain mixed with snow.

63. 'Ask' is carelessly used in the sense of 'call,' as a word is required to rhyme with 'task.'

66. The blast may become less violent, and the sleet soften into rain instead of turning into pitiless snow. Sleet, being half way between rain and snow, may either become snow, if the cold increases, or rain, if the temperature becomes warmer.

67. Till (it being) dark above, and white below, etc. The sky is black above, and the earth below is white with snow.

76. On the exposed mountain sides the cold wind blows fiercely, but the snow is less able to collect in deep masses on the ground.

95. "I cannot help here mentioning that on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel."—*Scott.*

Yarrow is the name of the imaginary shepherd's dog.

101. 'Kirn,' connected with 'churn,' is the Scotch for the feast that is celebrated at the gathering in of the harvest.

105. Arcadia is a pastoral region in Greece which was generally chosen as the scene in which the simple shepherds and shepherdesses, celebrated in pastoral poetry, were depicted as living a life of perfect happiness enlivened by love and music. 'Arcadia's golden creed' is the golden age of innocent happiness, that was supposed to have been enjoyed in pastoral Arcadia, and even now is believed by some not to have entirely disappeared from country places.

112. The ancient chief of Troy was Priam, who in his old age saw his city burnt, and, putting on armour to defend himself, was killed by the son of Achilles.

125. The myrtle being sacred to Venus, was the emblem of fortunate love, cf.

> "The myrtle bough bids lovers live."
> *Rokeby*, 5. XIII. 15.

The cypress on the other hand was used by the Romans in funerals, and is therefore emblematic of mourning. Mr. Skene had to mourn the death of Sir William Forbes, soon after he had married that gentleman's daughter.

130, 131. His actions just before his death proved not only his paternal love for his daughter, but also the constancy of his friendship for the poet.

132. 'Forbes' is a dissyllable.

133. The minstrel referred to was Beattie, to whom this title is peculiarly appropriate, as his best known poem was called 'The Minstrel.' Sir W. Forbes had brought out a biography of the poet shortly before his own death.

142. **grateful dew**, tears evincing gratitude to him whose death is lamented.

145. "A father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation."—*Psalms* lxviii. 5.

151. "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." —*Proverbs* xxvii. 10.

These words are said to have been written with a sacred pen because they are quoted from the Bible.

152. I may urge that the gratitude I owe for much kindness entitles me to bring my tribute.

163. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," Pope's *Essay on Man*, iv. 380.

165. No effort being made by us, *i.e.* without making any effort to revive our conversation. Their talk was said to be in a trance, when it temporarily died away into silence, as a trance is a state of ecstasy and insensibility, which resembles death while it lasts.

169. **spray**, cf. **1**. Int. 44 (note). The irregular branches of the leafless oaktree take strange shapes, in which the fancy may trace resemblances to all kinds of objects.

172. **ycleped** (called) is an archaic participle often used by Spenser and once by Milton. The 'y' is an old English prefix generally used before past participles, but also found with present participles and other forms of speech.

Tirante the White was the hero of a Spanish romance praised by Cervantes. It was first published at Valencia in 1480.

174. 'Camp' was the name of a favourite bull-terrier of the poet's. 'Pandour,' meaning a kind of Austrian foot soldier, must have been Mr. Skene's dog.

175. **laverock**, lark.

181. Cf. Shakespeare's *Tempest* where the spirit Ariel, soon about to be released from the service of Prospero, sings

> "Merrily, merrily shall I live now
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

191. The absent friend referred to was Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, who had once beaten the poet in a composition of rhymes at the High School, and had contributed to the *Border Minstrelsy* a poem called Ellandonan Castle.

193. 'The' before comparatives is not the definite article, but the ablative of the demonstrative. It is equivalent to 'by that' and is an ablative of measure. The line tells us that the amount of lamentation exactly corresponded to the length of time during which he was absent.

194. **dear-loved Rae** was Sir William Rae, afterwards Lord Advocate of Scotland. He, and the person next referred to, whose name the poet did not venture to mention (John Hay Forbes), were comrades of Scott's in the volunteer corps.

195. The sensitive plant is referred to. This name is commonly

given to a species of the *genus mimosa* on account of the peculiar phenomena of irritability which its leaves exhibit in their collapse when touched or shaken. The leaves seem to shrink from the touch, as if they were endowed with the sensibility of animals.

201. **gnaw her nails**, *i.e.* as a sign of the envy she feels.

202. **buxom**, lively, cf. 3. IV. 15 (note). The poet is describing the merry suppers which the members of the volunteer corps had at one another's houses in rotation.

206. 'Tom' was the name taken by Edgar in *King Lear* when he pretended to be mad. He describes himself to Gloster as one "who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear."—*Lear*, 3. IV.

209. **sober tame**, soberly tame. See 2. Int. 156.

210. **the field day or the drill**. On a field day large bodies of troops are exercised in evolutions. One or two men can be drilled, but it needs large numbers of men to be assembled before field exercises can be practised.

CANTO FOURTH.

I. 3. **the cock he crew**. This redundant pronominal subject immediately after the noun to which it refers is not required for the sake of clearness, like the redundant subjects in 1. XXVIII. 16, 2. Int. 8. The writers of ballads were fond of adding such redundant pronouns to nouns, whenever they could thereby improve the metre, and Scott is here imitating the liveliness and simplicity of the ballad style.

7. **free of heart**, light-hearted, with hearts free from anxiety.

13. **Becket**, cf. 1. XXIV. 2 (note).

18. **sleek and fair**. These two adjectives express the result of the action expressed in the verb 'dressed.' Cf. 2. XXXIII. 22.

25. **for** is here used in its causal sense. Fear and ruth made them gape.

27. **would**, wished to.

31. From Scott's note on this line it is evident that he identifies Friar Rush's lantern with Jack o' Lanthorn, otherwise called Will o' the Wisp, a wandering light that hovers over stagnant water, and is supposed to be a demon in the habit of leading people, who have lost their way, into marshes. In the same note he describes Friar Rush as "a strolling demon who once upon a time got admittance into a monastery as scullion, and played the monks many pranks." Keightley remarks that this identification of the domestic spirit, Friar Rush, with the spirit

of the marshes, which is also made by Milton (*L'Allegro*, 103), is a mistake.

III. 3. **cast**, reckoned.

8. Blount hopes that an English army, with the red cross of England (the cross of St. George, cf. **1.** II. 1, and *The Lay*, **1.** VI. 5, where warriors expecting an English invasion are said to be waiting "to see St. George's red cross streaming") on their flags and armour, will devastate the country with fire and sword, and clear the whole region of everything Scotch, including Scotch devils. He purposely uses ambiguous language which would also apply to a religious procession moving with crosses and other sacred symbols to drive the devils out of the country. To 'conjure' means to effect anything by enchantment or any other kind of supernatural power.

14. The hire is the money paid to the host for the use of his rooms for the night.

15. 'Gentle' is ironical, as Blount had not been at all polite to the host. When the same epithet is applied to Fitz-Eustace it is in accordance with that squire's real character, and not ironical.

IV. 6. Sometimes the path was so narrow that the branches on either side met and covered them like an arched roof. For the same comparison between a path under trees and architecture, cf. **2.** X. 7.

8. **errant knights**, knights wandering in search of adventure. Fitz-Eustace's mind was always running upon the chivalrous romances that he delighted in reading. Cf. **6.** III. 40. His imaginative nature is further indicated by the rapture he feels and expresses at the sight of Edinburgh in the 30th stanza of this canto.

12. **were**, would be.

19. William Caxton introduced printing into England between 1471 and 1474. One of his successors in the art in England was Wynkin de Worde.

V. 6. A point of war here means a signal for attack given by trumpet blast: cf.

> "Turning your tongue divine
> To a loud trumpet or a point of war."
> *2 Henry IV.*, IV. 1.

11. In the place to which they had come the trees were less numerous, and were drawn back farther to the right and left of their course, leaving a broad space of open ground.

VI. 1. 'Trumpet' is here used for 'trumpeter.' In like manner, 'sabres' and 'bayonets' are often used as equivalent to horse soldiers and foot soldiers: cf. **5.** XVII. 30; **6.** Int. 48.

7. Pursuivants are servants of heralds. There were four attending on Sir David Lindesay, and they were named after four places in Scotland. 'Tabards,' sleeveless cloaks decorated with the royal arms, are worn by heralds and pursuivants.

10. Gules (from French *gueules*, which is itself a derivative from Persian *gul*, a rose) is the heraldic term for red. Argent, Or, and Azure, which are also all derived from the French, as heraldry was introduced into Britain by the Normans from France, mean respectively silver, gold, and blue.

11. In Scotland there was only one King-at-arms at the head of all the heralds, who was called the Lord Lion, because a lion rampant had been adopted by William, King of Scotland, as the royal arms, and was therefore represented on the coat of the King-at-arms. In England there are three Kings-at-arms, the highest of whom is called Garter.

12. At a tournament the dropping of the truncheon is a sign for the combat to cease: cf. Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, 1. III.

VII. 10. The keys of Rome signify the authority of the Pope. The keys were adopted as the symbol of Papal authority, and appear on the Papal flag, because Christ declared to Peter, whom the Roman Catholics believe to have been the first Pope, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xvi. 19). Sir David Lindesay in his satire of the *Three Estates* and other poems had, by attacking the Roman Catholic religion and lashing the vices of the clergy, paved the way for the Scotch Reformation.

12. A cap of maintenance is a cap of dignity. The term is applied to the cap borne before the sovereigns of England at their coronation.

15. The housings are the trappings of a horse, especially the cloth attached to the hinder part of the saddle.

18. We have here a description of the arms of Scotland. The double tressure is a double line on the shield following the shape of the shield at a fixed distance from the border, and generally ornamented with flowers. On the Scotch arms it was ornamented with fleur-de-lis (flower of the lily). The fleur-de-lis was the emblem of France, and Achaius, a mythical king of Scotland, is said to have adopted the tressure with the fleur-de-lis to commemorate his alliance with that nation in the days of Charlemagne. The thistle was one of the emblems of Scotland, at any rate as early as the time of William Dunbar, whose poem *The Thistle and the Rose* celebrates the marriage of James IV. of Scotland with the English Princess Margaret in 1503.

The heraldic unicorn is a fabulous animal, having the head, neck, and body of a horse, the legs of a buck, the tail of a lion, and a long horn growing out of the middle of its forehead. Two unicorns supported the arms of Scotland, and therefore one of the

supporters of the royal arms of Britain is a unicorn, while the other supporter is the lion, which formerly supported the arms of England.

30. "I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license by introducing Sir David Lindesay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms to receive foreign ambassadors, and Lindesay himself did this honour to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539-40."—*Scott.* Lindesay was not appointed to the office until James V., the son and successor of James IV., had been sixteen years on the throne. He had been the attendant of James V. in that Monarch's boyhood. "The Mount" was the name of his estate.

VIII. 5. "The office of herald, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionately solemn. In fact, it was the mimicry of a royal coronation, except that the unction was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindesay, inaugurated in 1592, 'was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown'; and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the king's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn."—*Scott.*

10. The emblematic gem was a ruby in the ancient ring which was solemnly put on the finger of the Scotch kings at the coronation ceremony. This ring was last worn by Charles I., and is still in existence.

17. **for**, because.

IX. 1. **inly**, internally. This adverb is formed by adding to the preposition 'in' the adverbial termination 'ly.'

10. Lady Heron was suspected of being a spy in the interest of England. She seems to have given information to the English court about the intentions and movements of James IV., much as Miss Walkinshaw many years later kept the Hanoverian court well informed about whatever was done by his descendant Charles Edward. Cf. 1. XIII. 2 (note).

13. **decline**, refuse, avoid. They had now to turn to the left.

14. **Trace** etc., follow the course of the Tyne inland towards its source.

The Tyne here mentioned is a river in Scotland, not the well-known English river, on the banks of which Newcastle is built.

X. 2. "**Crichtoun castle**, a large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about seven miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very different regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest

part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it that there is now a large court-yard, surrounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The soffits are ornamented with twining cordage and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the 'Massy More.' The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles of Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. . . . The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived."—*Scott.*

9. 'Where alders moist (grow) and willows weep.' Certain species of trees, the branches and twigs of which droop towards the ground, are called weeping trees. There are weeping willows, ashes, and birches, but no weeping alders. Thus the verb 'weep' is only appropriate to willows, and we must understand from it some other verb to go with alders. Compare note on 3. XV. 12.

XI. 6. The meaning of the armorial bearings is said to be mystic, because it is only known to those who have been initiated in the mysteries of heraldry.

7. Scutcheons of honour are shields adorned with armorial bearings which have been given as the reward of some gallant deed. See note on 1. XI. 15. Scutcheons of pretence are small shields, placed in the centre of the ordinary scutcheon, containing the arms of a wife who is also an heiress.

10. The pluperfects in lines 10 and 12 describe the state of Crichtoun Castle when Scott used to visit it. The present in line 15 describes its state at the time when he was writing. But the transition from pluperfect to present is clumsy, as the poet

evidently does not mean to suggest that the state of the castle could have materially changed in such a short interval of time. The passage would be improved if either present perfects were used in lines 10 and 12, or a past tense in line 15, so that there might no longer be a distinction without a difference. Mr. Morris ventures to change 'had' into 'hath.'

12. Nor had time yet destroyed the stone work carved into the form of cordage, the knots of which were interwoven with rosettes.

13. **Twisted knots.** This reading will be found in Constable's eighth edition of *Marmion* (1811). Sense can hardly be made out of 'notes,' the reading of the same publisher's edition of 1825 and in that of Messrs. A. & C. Black.

XII. 13. 'He' should be 'him,' as it is in apposition to a noun governed by the preposition 'with.'

This Earl Adam Hepburn was the second Earl of Bothwell. He was the grandfather of the notorious Bothwell mentioned in line 19, who married Mary Queen of Scots after the murder of Darnley.

17. **sweeping,** moving with an appearance of power and grandeur. The use of the word here seems to combine the ideas of a resistless river sweeping everything before it, and of a richly-robed person whose long train sweeps the ground. In 6. XI. 31 'sweeping' means moving with long and powerful strokes. Crichtoun-Dean is the den or valley of Crichtoun. See note on 2. Int. 257.

Compare with this passage the song of Deborah and Barak, which, after relating the death of Sisera, describes how that warrior's mother "looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?'" *Judges* v. 28.

XIII. 6. **Borough-moor,** cf. XXV. 6 (note).

12. **moodier fit,** fits of melancholy when he was moodier than usual.

XIV. 5. **unaware,** without premeditated purpose. He happened by accident to tell the tale which so powerfully excited Marmion.

XV. 4. Scott tells us, in his *Provincial Antiquities* that "the situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the middle of the lake." From this lake the town of Linlithgow derives its name. See note on 'linn,' 1. Int. 3.

The verb 'to excel' is generally used with an object denoting what is surpassed, so that the natural construction here would have been 'Linlithgow excels all the other palaces of Scotland.' But instead Scott here uses the verb excel intransi-

tively, and, as 'excelling' is a virtual superlative, he uses it with a partitive genitive. Thus 'Linlithgow is excelling of all the palaces,' is equivalent to 'Linlithgow is eminent among all the palaces,' or 'Linlithgow is the finest of all the palaces.' The present imperfect 'is excelling' instead of 'excels' is also peculiar, as there is no reason to insist on the fact that the excelling of other palaces by Linlithgow is taking place at the time when Sir David Lindesay is speaking. The excellence or beauty of Linlithgow Palace was no new fact.

8. "I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of bellow. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of 'listening to the hart's *bell*.'"—*Scott*.

18. "The rebellion against James III. was signalized by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army. When the king saw his own banner displayed against him, and his son in the faction of his enemies, he lost the little courage he ever possessed, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and water pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June, 1488."—*Scott*. For the severe penances of James IV. see note on **5.** IX. 20.

19. **in offices** etc., in religious services as strict as (those of) Lent. See note on **3.** XXI. 5.

Lent is a period of forty days devoted to fasting by the Roman Catholic and English churches, and intended to commemorate the forty days' fast of Christ, when he was tempted by Satan.

XVI. 3. **as wont**, as (he was) wont. See note on **2.** XXXII. 3.

10. **iron belt**, cf. **5.** IX. 20 (note).

13. The order of the Thistle "is fabulously said to have been founded by Achaius in the eighth century in commemoration of a victory gained over a king of Northumbria. It was revived in 1540 by James V. and in 1687 by James VII. (James II. of England), but had in each case been suffered to fall into disuse." It was revived once more by Queen Anne, and still exists.

20. **as**, as if.

25. In such phrases the possessive pronoun and the noun have by usage become so closely connected, that they are treated as one noun, and have the adjective before the possessive instead of in its usual position between the possessive and the noun.

33. When the Virgin Mary stood at the foot of the cross overcome with anguish, John, at the request of Jesus, took her to his own house. See John xix. 25.

34. St. John five times in his gospel, instead of mentioning his own name, refers to himself as being "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

XVII. 14. James IV. was doubly warned, being in the first place warned not to go to war, and being warned in the second place that, if he was determined to go to war, he must beware of womanly wiles. The apparition is supposed to have been contrived by the peace party and Queen Margaret, whose natural jealousy of Lady Heron seems to find expression in the latter half of the warning. A somewhat similar device was practised with more success by the friends of Pisistratus to bring about his restoration to Athens. A handsome woman was clothed in armour to represent the goddess Athene, and she was driven through the streets while heralds proclaimed that the goddess herself was bringing back Pisistratus. So the Athenians made no opposition to his return. See Herodotus I. 60.

15. **God keep thee as He may**, may God preserve thee by whatever means his wisdom may devise for the purpose. The wish implies that James is in such danger of disaster, that it will need a special interposition of Providence to save him.

20. **cast**, planned.

XVIII. 5. 'To suspend' means 'to interrupt or delay.' 'After a suspended pause' means 'after a pause during which conversation was suspended or interrupted.' 'Suspended,' which would naturally qualify 'conversation,' is by hypallage made to agree with 'pause.' See 3. Int. 62.

10. I should have thought that you intended to amuse yourself at the expense of your guest.

The expression put into the mouth of the dignified Marmion is dangerously like the colloquialism "to make game of a person," which however does not seem originally to have had vulgar associations, as it is used in Milton :—

> "Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,
> On my refusal to distress me more,
> Or make a game of my calamities?"
>
> *Samson Agonistes*, 1331.

XX. 9. In the mixed affray known in the language of chivalry

as the *mêlée* (from Fr. *mêler*, to mix), two large bodies of knights are opposed to each other, and each knight may attack whomever he chooses among the opposing ranks. A vivid description of a *mêlée* is given in the twelfth chapter of *Ivanhoe*.

13. **the gulf below**, hell, called by Milton (*Paradise Lost*, VI. 53) "the gulf of Tartarus." The host's tale (3. XXII. 9-12) had led Marmion to suppose that his opponent was a demon from hell.

XXI. 11. 'Strook' is an old form for 'struck.'

17. **the last**, that he has long been dead.

20. 'Grimly,' an old adjectival form used by Beaumont and Fletcher, has the same meaning as 'grim.'

XXII. 8. And almost induced him to reject the aid of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the saints, whom his baptismal vow, by which he had been admitted to the privileges of Christianity, entitled him to appeal to.

In the story of Bulmer given in Scott's note, we are told that he was overthrown and severely wounded by the spectre, who promised to cure him, if he would abstain from making vows openly or secretly to God, the Virgin, or the Saints. Bulmer accepted the condition, and was immediately healed. But in his astonishment at this sudden recovery, he ejaculated the name of Jesus, and straightway his spectral enemy vanished, and he saw nothing near him, but his horse quietly feeding.

10. Notice the sudden transition from indirect to direct speech. Cf. 2. XIII. 8, and *Paradise Lost*, IV. 724.

20. **in bosom bold**. We should rather expect 'bold in heart,' since the bosom is usually regarded as the seat not of valour but of the tender affections, love, pity, etc.

33. **bowne**, prepare. The adjective 'bound' (prepared), 1. XXIX. 7, was originally a participle from this verb.

XXIII. 1. 'Dun-Edin' is derived from Celtic *dun* (a fortified hill), which appears in 'Dunkeld,' 'Dunbar,' 'Dundee,' and many other names of Scotch towns. The latter part of the word is Saxon, being the name of a Saxon king of Northumbria, who extended his rule as far as the Forth. Thus 'Dun-Edin' is a hybrid word, half Celtic and half Saxon. The common Saxon name of the city is Edinburgh (the town of Edin or Edwyn).

3. **hill, brook, nor dell.** In poetry 'nor' is often used without a preceding 'neither.' Cf. "Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail," Gray's *Bard*.

XXIV. 3. **a truant** etc. I went birds'-nesting, *i.e.* looking for birds' nests, when I ought to have been in school working at my lessons.

8. Saint Giles's is the most ancient church in Edinburgh.

14, 15. Such a passage as this shows that though Scott in describing nature is generally an objective poet (see Introduction) he is not always so. Here he is subjective and finds in nature the reflection of his own melancholy.

XXV. 1. **different far**, very different. In the previous stanza we were told that Blackford, which in the days of the poet's boyhood was "uncultured," was at the date of the composition of *Marmion* covered with waving corn. We are now told that there was a still greater contrast between the scene presented by the Borough Moor on the eve of the Battle of Flodden, when it was covered by thousands of martial tents pitched under the shelter of its great oak trees, and its ordinary peaceful aspect in the beginning of the nineteenth century, at which date no remains of the ancient forest were visible.

4. 'Bent' here and in **6.** XXV. 10 may either mean the slope of a hill or a moor. In the former sense it is connected with 'bend,' in the latter with 'bent,' a coarse kind of grass, such as grows on uncultivated ground.

6. **spread**, overspread, covered.

"The Borough or common Moor of Edinburgh was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and in that state was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries projecting over the street in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare Stone, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the Head of Bruntsfield Links. The Hare Stone probably derives its name from the British word *Har*, signifying an army."—*Scott.*

17. **tamed**, relieved by a softer colour.

18. **lines**. See **6.** XVIII. 22.

XXVI. 1. The Hebudes or Hebrides are islands situated in the Atlantic to the north-west of Scotland. Eastern Lodon is East Lothian or Haddingtonshire, one of the most fertile counties in Scotland, and renowned for good agriculture. Redswire is among the Cheviots near the English border. Ross-shire is one of the northern counties in the Highlands of Scotland.

10. **rank**. We should expect the plural. Cf. **3.** Int. 183.

11. **neigh** is a noun in the accusative, being object of 'hear' in line 7.

XXVII. 9. Borthwick's Sisters seven were seven guns that had been made by a man called Borthwick, and were called after his name. They were under the command of the same Borthwick at Flodden, and there fell into the hands of the English. Borthwick was himself killed in the battle.

10. France was at this time at war with England and in alliance with Scotland. Every effort was made by the French to encourage James IV. to create a diversion in their favour by invading England, in the hope that perhaps Henry VIII. might be forced to withdraw his invading army from France for the defence of his own dominions. See 5. x.

XXVIII. 5. A note in the old editions of Scott informs us that each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them. Barons bore square banners, knights banneret, who were superior to ordinary knights but inferior to barons, were distinguished by broad or oblong banners, while the ordinary knight bachelor was not allowed to bear a banner, but had instead a pennon, which, as Scott tells us, "differed from the pennoncel or triangular streamer, which the squire was entitled to display, being double the breadth, and indented at the end like the tail of a swallow." A pensil or pennoncel is a small pennon, 'cel' being a diminutive termination. A bandrol is a small banner, which, although by Grose identified with the pensil, is probably here intended to signify the oblong banner which was the distinguishing mark of the knight banneret. A scroll in heraldry means an imitation of a narrow roll of parchment represented on an escutcheon to contain the motto, and seems here to mean a flag bearing a motto.

Marmion as a baron might be expected to carry a square banner, but in 1. VIII. 9, we are told that his ensign was a forky swallow-tailed pennon. No doubt, being a knight as well as a baron, he might, if he chose, content himself with the ensign of a knight, although an ordinary knight would not have been allowed to have the banner of a banneret or baron.

16. The royal banner of Scotland, according to the usual custom of the time, had the same blazonry as the royal shield, and therefore contained in heraldic language a lion rampant, gules, on a field or. See VI. 10. Thus the dazzling field mentioned in the text was of the colour of gold, and the rampant lion represented on it was coloured red. A lion rampant stands erect on his hind legs with one foreleg elevated above the other.

XXIX. 10. **were but** etc., it would only be waste of trouble to attempt.

XXX. 16. **heaves** is a transitive verb with 'back' for subject and 'town' for object.

17. As the available space within the walls of old Edinburgh was limited, the houses were built many stories high, and the streets made narrow so as to economize space as much as possible. Thus the epithet 'massy' describes the general appearance of the city as a whole with its 'high' houses built 'close' together and separated by narrow streets. 'Deep' refers to the solidity of the city's foundations, or perhaps to the deep cut valleys in the town, some of which are now bridged.

22. For the purple colour of the Scotch mountains, see note on 1. Int. 18.

24. Berwick Law is a conical hill between twenty and thirty miles east of Edinburgh. 'Law' is a Scotch word for 'hill.'

29. He felt his heart bursting with enthusiastic excitement that had to be unbosomed somehow or other. The demivolte (half wheel) by which his excited feelings found an outlet, was one of those artificial movements through which the knights of the middle ages were fond of putting their horses, to show their perfect horsemanship.

"I do not like to spoil a fine passage by italicising it; but observe the only hints at form, given throughout, are in the somewhat vague words, 'ridgy,' 'massy,' 'close,' and 'high,' the whole being still more obscured by modern mystery, in its most tangible form of smoke. But the *colours* are all definite; note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red, sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green, and gold—a noble chord throughout; and then, moved doubtless less by the smoky than the amethystine part of the group,

> 'Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent,' etc."
>
> Ruskin's *Modern Painters*.

34. This line has a trisyllabic second foot (the coward), an irregularity which helps to express the excitement of the speaker.

The Lindesay. Notice the definite article here used to specify the most eminent individual bearing a particular surname. This usage is common in the case of the heads of Scotch and Irish families. Cf. 5. xxx. 35.

XXXI. 1. **a flourish proud.** A flourish of trumpets is music played on the trumpet to announce the approach of some person of high dignity, and is therefore here called proud. The phrase is often used metaphorically, as when any undertaking entered upon with great ostentation is said to be commenced with a "flourish of trumpets."

4. The sackbut is a trumpet that can be lengthened out when required, like the trombone.

5. The war pipe is the martial Highland bagpipe, which

still animates the Highland regiments. All the Highland clans were provided with bagpipers, who followed them to battle.

10. In the Roman Catholic day there are seven periods called canonical hours, for each of which appropriate devotional services are prescribed. The names of the seven canonical hours are matins, prime, terce, sext, nones, vespers, and compline. Thus prime is the second of these canonical hours, being so called from the Latin *primus* (first), because it begins at six o'clock in the morning and so falls in the first hour of the day.

The irregular metre at the beginning of this line seems intended to imitate the sound of the bells. Such imitation of the sense by the sound is called onomatopoeia.

XXXII. 5. **proof to**, proof against, able to resist. 'Proof' used adjectivally in this sense was originally an ellipse for 'of proof' (of tried firmness).

15. But do not let my forebodings delude you into imagining, etc.

21. **stowre** (battle tumult) is connected with 'storm,' 'stir.'

30. The poet feels that he must make every effort so that his poetry, which has hitherto been confined to descriptions of border scenery and rough border feuds, may not fail to do justice to the dignity of the high theme which is to be the subject of the next canto.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

5. **regard**, look. The sunbeams are profitless because they are not strong enough in December to contend with the blighting effect of the cold.

13. The pointer is a dog that, by standing still and gazing in a fixed direction with one fore foot raised from the ground, points out to the sportsman the spot where game is concealed.

23. 'Darkling' is here a participle meaning 'in the dark,' 'ignorant of what is going on in the outer world.'

27. The country cheer may either be used ironically in the sense of 'the fine entertainment afforded by the country'; or 'cheer' may be used in its old sense so that the temporal clause would mean 'when the face or appearance of the country is so dismal.' See note on 3. III. 5.

35. **Newark's riven towers.** See note on 2. Int. 32.

36. See the beginning of Int. 2.

37. Scott is here contrasting Modern with Ancient Edinburgh. In the old warlike times, when Scotland was often subjected to

invasion and civil wars, it was necessary that the capital should be built on a high position so that it might be easily defensible. Accordingly old Edinburgh was almost entirely confined to the top of a triple ridge of hills, and the houses were surrounded by a wall. But in modern times the citizens of Edinburgh do not live in constant danger of hostile attack, so the city has spread far beyond the limits of the old wall, and what is called the New Town of Edinburgh stretches out towards the Firth of Forth.

50. Not long before the date at which Scott wrote, the city gates were shut through the night, and those who wished to go out or in had to go through a wicket, that is, a smaller gate made in the middle of the larger one.

52. 'Then' refers not to the time last mentioned, which was 'not so long' ago, but to the ancient times, described in lines 37-46.

57. "Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrowed it almost verbatim, though with a somewhat different meaning, from a chorus in *Caractacus*:—

> "Britain heard the descant bold,
> She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
> Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
> The 'freight of harmony.'"—*Scott.*

The New Town, which is built of fine white freestone, is here contrasted with the smoke-stained houses of the Old Town. The 'dark cloud, with umbered lower,' refers to the fine description of the smoke rolling round the city, dark and lurid like a thunder cloud, in 4. xxx. The darkness of the houses and city wall, combined with the smoke wreaths, looked like one heavy cloud hanging over the rocky ridge upon which Edinburgh was built. The verb and noun 'lower' (closely connected with the Dutch *loeren*, to frown) are words generally applied to dark threatening clouds low down near the earth, on which account etymologists used to be inclined to derive them from the comparative of 'low,' although 'lower' (to appear gloomy) has a different pronunciation from the comparative 'lower' and exactly rhymes with 'tower.' Scott tells us that the gloomy grandeur of old Edinburgh has disappeared and that for (instead of) the frowning dark pile that once surmounted the ridge, we have now the brightness of the new city. His language is not literally true. The brightness of the new city, though a striking *additional* feature in the view, has not *displaced* the gloomy grandeur of the old city, which still looks much as it did in the days of James IV.

59. "The old town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which

there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city."—*Scott.*

61. 'Ten thousand lines' coming after the intransitive verb 'gleamest' is in apposition to the subject 'thou.' Edinburgh in her new form is said to be ten thousand lines of brighter day, as its lines of white houses are brighter than the rays of the western sun, by which they are illuminated.

66. Britomarte in Spenser's *Fairy Queen* represents chastity, and is the heroine of the Third Book, in which she overthrows with her enchanted spear every knight whom she encounters in single combat.

68. She allowed her robe, which had before been confined beneath her armour, to flow down to her feet.

72. The aventayle (Lat. *ventus*, wind) was the moveable front of the helmet through which the warrior breathed. Spenser's lines are :—

> "Though, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
> Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
> Upbounden, did themselves adown display
> And raught (reached) unto her heels."

75. **whilome**, formerly. This adverb is derived from A. S. *hwilum* (at times), dative plural of *hwil* (time).

78. In Spenser's words,

> "Every one her liked and every one her loved."

80. Malbecco was a jealous husband, who much against his will had to entertain in his castle Britomarte, Sir Satyrane, and a knight who, refusing to reveal his own name, preferred to be called the Squire of Dames. Scott represents Malbecco as forgetting in the presence of Britomarte his jealous fears. 'Charm cares' in l. 80 is equivalent to 'jealous pangs beguile' in the previous line, as Malbecco's cares were his jealous pangs.

85. **light**, wanton.

86. **bold as he was**, in spite of his effrontery.

88. **Britomarte.** Notice how the name of the heroine, who has been the subject of the long description beginning at line 62, is left unmentioned until the very last word. This is a common artifice of poets and orators, when they wish to introduce a name with effect after expectation has been first excited to a high pitch. The most celebrated instance of this rhetorical artifice is in Virgil, *Aen.* VI. 884. Cf. also

> "Others came single ; he, who, to be deem'd
> A god, leap'd fondly into Aetna's flames,

Empedocles ; and he, who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus."

Paradise Lost, III. 473.

100. For the energetic part that Scott took in the volunteer movement, see the end of the Introduction to Canto Fourth.

Red is proleptic: cf. **5. XXVIII. 16** (note).

106. A knosp is an architectural ornament resembling a bud. A pinnacle (Lat. *pinnaculum*, a little feather, diminutive of *pinna*) is a small ornamental spire. Both words are chosen to express very small parts of the city walls.

108. That eventful day is the day of danger vaguely intimated in line 99.

109. 'Renowned' agrees with 'Dun-Edin.'

112. The Bible tells how angels partook of the hospitality of men. See Genesis xviii.

113. **that claim** etc., the claim based upon hospitality may, by efforts as strenuous as those made by wrestlers, bring down blessings from heaven. By the use of this peculiar metaphor, the poet suggests a comparison between the city of Edinburgh and the patriarch Jacob who wrestled with an angel and thereby secured himself a blessing (Genesis xxxii. 24-32).

117. "Henry VI., with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton (1461)."—*Scott.*

120. When the French Revolution had overthrown the monarchy of the House of Bourbon, the Comte d'Artois, younger brother of Louis XVI., who perished on the scaffold, spent his exile in Holyrood Palace from 1796 to 1799. This is the visit referred to by Scott. Afterwards he succeeded Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, and, being again expelled from that country by the revolution of 1830, once more took refuge with his family in the Palace of Holyrood.

133. The poet compares fiction and romance to a lovely night in midsummer, when the moon is shining brightly, and every thing looks lovely, even though objects cannot be discerned as clearly as by daylight. The imaginary visions of an invasion of Scotland in which he has just been absorbed are compared to the mists and fogs of winter, which may be as deceptive as the moonlight of a summer night, and are certainly as disagreeable as the summer night is pleasant.

140. Henry I. was called Beauclerk (fine scholar or clerk), as Scott's friend, Mr. Ellis, informs us, "either on account of his literary attainments or in honour of his liberal patronage." Scott here follows the former and less natural of these two

explanations of the surname. Henry I. earned his reputation for learning by translating Æsop's fables from Greek into English. Being himself a scholar, he patronised literary men, although his admiration for literature did not prevent him from putting out the eyes of a satirist called the Chevalier de la Barre.

141. **The minstrel,** minstrels, the class of minstrels. Here, as in 5. VII. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, the definite article is used with a singular noun to indicate a class, not one particular individual.

145. **Breton** is the adjective of Brittany, a northern French province, supposed to have been inhabited by the ancient Britons. Scott tells us in his note that Marie of France compiled from Breton originals and translated into Norman French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which his friend Mr. Ellis has given summaries in his *Specimens of Ancient English Romance.* Marie lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and resided for a time in England during the reign of Henry III.

Blondel was the faithful minstrel of Richard I. It is related that when Richard was imprisoned his place of captivity was discovered by Blondel, who sang outside the walls the first verse of a song, and, hearing from within the second verse, knew that Richard must be the prince immured inside. This romantic story is not quite credited by historians.

147. The hoary foe of the Muse is Time, who is generally represented as an old man with hoary hair, carrying an hour glass to measure the passing hours and a scythe to typify his destructive energy, and furnished with wings as the symbol of swiftness. Scott represents Mr. Ellis as breaking Time's hour-glass, cutting his wings, and depriving him of his scythe, because, by the publication of his *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry* and *Specimens of Ancient English Romance,* he undid the work of Time, and recalled to memory the works of old poets, who through the lapse of time had almost been forgotten.

165. Cf. Pope's *Essay on Man,* IV. 390,

> "Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."

168-173. These lines indirectly express a hope that Mr. Ellis may in future enjoy good health.

180. While he was composing the first and second cantos of *Marmion* in March, 1807, Scott was in London and paid weekly visits to Mr. Ellis at Sunning-hill, near Windsor. South-west of that town is Windsor Forest. Six miles distant is Ascot Heath, celebrated for its race-course.

184. The art referred to is the art of staining glass, which was carried to a great pitch of perfection in the middle ages.

CANTO FIFTH.

I. 5. The captains of the barrier-guard withdrew the soldiers under their command out of the way, as Marmion and his company were to be allowed to enter, and saluted him as he passed through. 'To carry pikes' or 'to advance pikes' (which last expression is found in Scott's MS. of this passage and in 1. x. 1) is a military salute, something like the modern 'present arms.' All such salutes are made by placing the weapon in such a position that it cannot be well used for defensive or offensive purposes, and were probably meant to imply that the saluter confessed his inferiority by putting himself at the mercy of the person saluted.

12. In the reign of Edward IV. every Englishman was required by law to have a bow of his own height, and to practise himself in the use of his own weapon. Henry VIII., who himself was able to draw as strong a bow as any archer in his body guard, made similar enactments. Before gunpowder was invented, their superiority in archery gave the English the victory against superior numbers in many battles against the French and Scotch. According to a monkish historian quoted by Scott, the English arrows were shot with such force that they "penetrated steel coats from side to side, transfixed helmets, and even splintered lances, and pierced through swords." They were much dreaded by the Scotch, who used to say that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, meaning thereby that his twenty-four arrows would kill as many Scotchmen.

II. 14. To gain the croupe is to jump up on the horse behind the saddle. A historian quoted by Scott in his essay on chivalry says that it was customary for every young squire to learn among other feats of strength and agility, how to "mount on horseback behind one of his comrades by barely laying his hand on his sleeve."

15. A horse curvetting first raises his fore legs to an equal height, and then before they have fallen raises his hind legs. Such a movement would throw the whole weight of the horse into a blow delivered at the right moment. Scott quotes, in illustration of this, a story of one Monsieur de Montmorency, who, "having a horse that was excellent in performing the *demivolte*, did with his sword strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gallants of France did meet; for taking his time when the horse was in the height of his *courvette* (curve), and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers

one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."

23. A brigantine is a quilted jacket with iron rings and plates sewn on to the leather, so as to make it resist sword cuts and spears. "The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100 Scots; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore *white hats*, *i.e.* bright steel caps without crest or visor."—*Scott.*

III. 2. **steel jack**, a jacket or coat of leather serviceably protected by steel quilted into it. It is called a "swarthy vest," because the leather would look black in comparison with armour of burnished steel. The English word 'Jack' is derived from the Fr. 'Jacques,' which represents the Hebrew 'Jacob.' 'Jacques' being a very common name in French, was applied contemptuously and humorously to any common man or familiar object. This meaning also attached itself to the word after it had been introduced into England by the Normans and taken the form of 'Jack.' Being commonly applied to servants, the word was applied to any mechanical contrivance that supplied the place of a servant, *e.g.* 'smoke jack,' 'boot jack,' and to many familiar objects subjected to rough usage, such as black jacks (leather jugs), steel jacks, jack-boots. Wedgwood explains the peculiar fact that 'Jack' in English is used as an abbreviation for 'John,' and not for 'James,' the English representative of the Hebrew 'Jacob,' on the ground that the commonest French name, when introduced into England, was naturally regarded as being equivalent to 'John,' the commonest Christian name in England.

5. "When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provisions. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course."—*Scott.*

8. The Scotch used cross-bows, which were inferior to the English long bows in rapidity of discharge. The archer with the long bow could shoot twelve arrows a minute, in which time only three bolts could be discharged by the cross-bow. Unfortunately for their own interests the Scotch could not be induced to practise themselves in the use of the long bow, although several attempts to force them to do so were made by legal enactments.

A hagbut or arquebus was an old-fashioned musket, which was supported on a forked rest.

10. **cheer**, face: see 3. III. 5 (note).

IV. 6. **slogan** is a word of Gaelic derivation, meaning a war cry.

8. **pricker**, horseman. See note on 1. XIX. 3.

10. **they**, the nobles.

12. If the poet had used 'business' instead of 'game,' this line would have more exactly borne out the meaning of line 4, which told us that the Borderers thought that, when they were not fighting, they were merely idling away their time. By saying here that war is the Borderer's game, Scott means that war is the chief delight of the Borderers, and that they are more skilled in the art of war than in other matters.

14. 'The day,' 'the night,' are accusatives of duration of time.

18. They were sure to get some plunder even if they belonged to the losing side in the battle, for on many occasions the Borderers, when they saw the day going against the army to which they belonged, changed sides and joined the victorious army so as to get their share of plunder. At Flodden, as they were victorious over the part of the English army to which they were opposed, they got their plunder without having to change sides. See 6. XXXIII. 14.

26-34. These lines give us a specimen of the kind of remarks the Borderers made to one another. The words are not to be taken literally, as of course Scott does not mean that each Borderer made exactly the same remarks to his kinsman. But this is what one of them might actually have said, and the others expressed very similar sentiments. Scott is perhaps imitating the Homeric formula used in *Iliad* XXII. 372 and elsewhere to give a specimen of the kind of remarks made.

32. The glistering hide of the Lion King is his dazzling coat described in 4. VII. 22.

33. 'Maudlin' is short for 'Magdalen.' As St. Mary Magdalen is generally represented by the painters with eyes red and swoln, 'maudlin' as an adjective has come to be applied to those who are reduced by intoxication to a lachrymose condition.

V. 2. **of different language**, different from that spoken by the Borderers. The Highlanders spoke Gaelic, a Celtic language; while the Lowlanders, amongst whom are to be numbered the Borderers mentioned in the preceding stanza, being of Anglo-Saxon descent, spoke Lowland Scotch, a language not very different from ordinary English.

3. **various**, differing among themselves by the differences noticed in the following lines. It is a little confusing that, as all the Highlanders spoke one language, the word 'different' in the preceding line must refer to the differences between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, while in this line the differences meant are those existing between the various Highland clans.

6. There is a good deal of difference of opinion about the old

Highland costume. It seems, however, clear that there were two varieties, which are here distinguished from each other. The common dress of the clansmen consisted almost entirely of the plaid, a piece of woollen cloth, like the *kāmli* worn by poor natives in India, but much larger, so that a man could wrap himself up in it and be covered from head to foot. It was made of tartan of the particular colours and stripes distinctive of the clan to which the wearer belonged. This plaid was wrapped round the body, and the ends girt with a belt at the waist formed a kind of petticoat, which reached half way down the thighs and left the knees bare (l. 12). This mode of wearing the plaid was called the kilt or belted plaid (l. 6). As, however, it was unsuitable for horsemanship, the chiefs and others, who had occasion to ride, wore trews, that is, close fitting trowsers covering the whole leg, which, like the plaid, were made of the clan tartan, and are therefore called chequered in l. 6. In l. 12 Scott is only thinking of the first mentioned and commoner costume, while in l. 6 both costumes are referred to.

It should be noticed that the kilt in its usual modern sense does not mean the petticoat formed by the belted plaid, but a kind of woolly apron supposed to have been invented in the middle of last century by a tailor in General Wade's army.

7. Each clan had its own martial airs, some of which survive to the present day.

16. Only the chiefs wore eagles' feathers in their bonnets.

18. 'Their' refers not to 'chiefs,' the last plural noun, but to the Highlanders generally, who are the subject of the whole description.

21. The Highland broadsword, called a claymore (from two Gaelic words meaning great sword), was so large that it was usually wielded with two hands.

26. **to**, compared with.

27. The Isles-men came from the Hebrides, see 4. XXVI. 1 (note). The Danish battle-axe, with which they were armed, points to the fact that the Danes had settled in large numbers in the North-West of Scotland.

32. The plural of 'fowl' may be either 'fowl' or 'fowls.' A similar comparison between birds and noisy troops occurs in Homer's *Iliad* III. 3, and there, singularly enough, in spite of the difference in the language, the same onomatopoetic syllable 'clang' is thrice used to express the discordant noise.

34. **grumbled and yelled.** 'Grumbled' expresses the low notes produced by the drone-pipe of the Highland bagpipe; 'yelled' is an appropriate word for the shrill harsh high notes of the same instrument, which resemble those of the common Indian *sarnai*.

VI. 10. **at every turn**, wherever they turned, everywhere.

12. **to wheel** etc., to hammer a bar of iron into a curved horse shoe.

23. **Led**, led the way.

24. Old Edinburgh was celebrated for the extraordinary height of its houses, in which family lived above family in different stories. See **4.** XXX. 17 (note).

26. **vesper tide**, vesper time, the time of evening prayers. See note on **4.** XXXI. 10.

33. **dons**, see note on **4.** Int. 38.

weeds, see note on **1.** Int. 256.

35. We should expect rather 'the palace-halls he gains,' in which case 'following' in the previous line would agree with 'he' the subject of the verb. But the construction is changed in the middle of the sentence and a plural pronoun 'they' is introduced, as when Marmion followed Lindesay, *two* persons gained the palace. This change leaves 'following' with no noun or pronoun to agree with: see **6.** VIII. 8.

VII. 2. **wassel** here means festive drinking, revelry. For the derivation see **6.** Int. 64.

5. **parting hour**, hour of parting, see **2.** XXXI. 1 (note). The description that follows may be compared with Byron's description in *Childe Harold* of the ball that preceded the battle of Waterloo.

19. The softer string does not mean another kind of instrument, as we presently find Lady Heron playing on the harp (XI. 7). Scott means that the ladies' music was less warlike than that of the minstrels, and celebrated the soft passion of love rather than the stern joy of battle. The string is called softer by hypallage because softer music was played on it. A similar contrast is made in **3.** Int. 161-163 between 'heroic song' and the 'softer tale' of love.

20. **motley vest.** See note on **4.** Int. 3.

23. Draughts is the game called tables in **1.** XXII. 8.

30. And flinty is the heart of her who can view.

VIII. 7. **doff**, see note on **4.** Int. 38.

10. Pile is the nap or hairy surface of cloth or skins. Here 'piled' means furnished with pile.

12. 'Sheen' is here, as also in X. 26, **6.** Int. 34, an adjective meaning 'bright' connected with 'shine.' Satin is called changeful, because with every movement a satin dress reflects the light from a different part of its surface, and so seems to change colour. It is possible that 'sheen' may here be an abstract noun meaning brightness, and that 'satin' is used adjectivally.

17. **Toledo right**, a real Toledo sword. Toledo is a town in Spain, which was formerly famous for its swords. See note on 3. XX. 23.

IX. 15. For a correction similarly introduced see 4. XXV. 8.

17. **cheer**, countenance. See note on 3. III. 5.

18. **o'ercast and lower**, become gloomy like a cloudy sky. The sky, when clouds cover it, is said to overcast, or, more commonly, to become overcast. The same meaning is expressed by the verb 'lower.' Cf. 5. Int. 58, where the noun 'lower' occurs.

20. "Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pittscottie founds his belief that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with enthusiastic devotion. These propensities sometimes formed a strange contrast. He was wont, during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some time in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself."—*Scott.*

29. This line gives an exact analysis of what a horse does when it *shies.*

31. **straining on**, pulling hard at the rein, which the rider draws tight to check the violence of his course.

X. 2. "It has been already noticed (see note 1. XIII. 2) that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the king's infatuated passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat of Flodden. The author of 'The Genealogy of the Heron Family' endeavours, with laudable anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's *History*, and the authorities he refers to, vol. II., p. 99. Heron of Ford had been in 1511 in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was committed by his brother the Bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiations with James was the liberty of her husband."—*Scott.*

10. "'Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the

King of Scotland, calling him her love, shewing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for defending his honour. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on Eng lish ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses.' Pittscottie, p. 110. A turquois ring, probably this fatal gift, is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London."—*Scott.*

12. **love**, object of her love. For other instances of the abstract used for the concrete see **2.** XXXIII. 7.

13. **break a lance.** This means to fight as a knight, because when knights encountered on horseback their lances were generally broken by the shock. Thus in *Ivanhoe*, when Sir Wilfred and Bois-Guilbert "closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt," their "lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp." For a common metaphorical use of this phrase see 1. Int. 286.

26. **were worth**, would be found to be worth, if a comparison were made. 'Were' must be imperfect subjunctive, not past indicative, unless Scott has ungrammatically used a plural verb after two singular subjects connected by 'nor.'

28. **bower** is a word very commonly used by old ballad writers in the sense of a lady's apartment. See 3. IV. 14. In ordinary English a bower is an arbour.

29. **hour** is accusative of duration of time.

XI. 2. 'Day' is probably, like 'hour' two lines above, accusative of duration of time. 'War' and 'risk' in the two follow ing lines are objects of 'weep.'

5. **while** is a noun (*hwil* A. S., time), and is here used with the definite article as an accusative of duration of time.

13. **all for heat**, simply on account of the heat. The words are ironical and suggest that she had really taken off her wimple with the object of displaying her beauty to the best advantage. The wimple was wound round the chin and covered the neck.

19. Cf. "By yea and nay, Sir, I daresay my cousin William is become a good scholar." Shakespeare, *Henry IV.* Pt. II. 3. II.

XII. 1. This song is written in anapaestic metre, which admirably suits the spirited story it relates. Each line consists of four feet, most of which are anapaests, that is, feet consisting of two unaccented followed by one accented syllable. In this metre the first foot is generally iambic. Thus the first ten lines of this song begin with iambic feet, and the eleventh is the first line that is composed of four anapaests.

16. **craven** (cowardly) comes from an old participle of 'crave,' so that the word originally meant one who craved for mercy from the enemy on the battle-field and so showed his cowardice. Cf. the derivation of 'caitiff' (2. XXIX. 11).

20. The ebb and flow of the Solway are remarkable for their extreme rapidity. We are told in Scott's *Redgauntlet* that "the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety, if they see its white surge advancing, while they are yet at a distance from the bank."

32. A galliard is a lively dance.

39. **croupe.** See note on II. 14. Owing to the badness of the roads and their unsuitability for carriages, the practice of riding double was in old times so common, that in an old song lamenting Flodden a lady who has lost her husband or lover expresses her loss by saying

"I ride single on my saddle."

41. **scaur,** cliff.

42. **they'll have fleet steeds that follow.** Young Lochinvar means that none of his pursuers are likely to have fast enough horses to pursue them far. Critics have objected that Lochinvar's horse carrying two persons would soon be overtaken by very inferior horses only carrying single riders, particularly as the course to be taken was a rough one over "bank, bush, and scaur," and would include the recrossing of the river Eske, where there was no ford (l. 8). Further Lochinvar's horse had already performed one laborious journey at full speed, while the pursuers' horses would be fresh. It must however be remembered that even an exaggerated estimate of the prowess of his good horse is not dramatically inappropriate in the mouth of an excited young lover. Nor is the eventual escape of Lochinvar and the bride to be condemned as by any means impossible. The fact that his horse was standing ready saddled at the door must have given the fugitives a good start, and it is not likely that the bride's relations would have been very zealous in the pursuit. The first pursuer who overtook the fugitives would have had a dangerous combat with a bold enemy, and victory in this contest would have had the unsatisfactory result of restoring the bride to a craven bridegroom, who was at any rate unacceptable to the bride's female relations (ll. 35, 36).

XIII. 1. The sirens of Greek mythology were beautiful nymphs, who attracted the sailors of passing ships to their island by their sweet strains of music. But all who landed perished miserably. Ulysses managed to pass by in safety, as he put wax in the ears of his sailors so that they might not hear, and had himself bound to the mast that he might enjoy the music but be unable to leave

the ship. When the Argonauts were passing, Orpheus' lyre surpassed the music of the sirens, who from chagrin at their defeat threw themselves into the sea. The word siren has been adopted into the English language, and is used of any woman of alluring beauty, particularly if her beauty is apt to allure her admirers to their destruction.

20-24. The pretexts of the war against England are here given. As border-raids were constantly occurring, either England or Scotland could always find an excuse for hostilities. The murder of Sir Robert Kerr, Warden of the Middle Marches, on a day of truce, was by this time an old story, as it had happened in the reign of Henry VII., and that king had tried to make reparation by sending into Scotland Lilburn, the only one of the three murderers whom he could lay hold of. Another of the murderers was the natural brother of Heron of Ford. As he could not be found, his brother, who was suspected of complicity in the murder, was delivered up with Lilburn to the Scottish King. Lady Ford pretended that she was using her influence with James to obtain her husband's release, but it is supposed that her real object was to be a spy in the Scottish court. It will be remembered that Scott introduces us to Ford in the castle of Norham, at the time when he was really a prisoner in Scotland.

23. "Stout Barton" was a Scotch seaman who having received permission from James to plunder Portuguese merchants' ships, used the same privileges against English vessels, and was very properly attacked by the English admiral. After a severe fight Barton was killed and his ships were taken in 1511.

his vassals ta'en, his feudal retainers taken prisoners. This is the reading of Constable's edition of Scott's Poetical Works, in ten volumes, published in 1825. But Constable's eighth edition of *Marmion* (1811), and the edition of Messrs. A. & C. Black, which is also based on the poet's MS, have 'vessels ta'en,' a reading which certainly suits better the recorded facts of the engagement referred to, as we know that Barton's two ships were captured in the engagement, and that one of them became the second ship in the navy of Henry VIII., while there is no particular mention made in history of his sailors being detained in captivity. Pinkerton indeed expressly mentions in his history that after the fight "the crews, upon imploring mercy, were dismissed."

26. "James IV. now took a decided step. He sent over his principal herald to the camp of King Henry before Terouenne, summoning him in haughty terms to abstain from aggressions against James's ally, the King of France, and upbraiding him at the same time with the death of Barton, the impunity of the Bastard Heron, the detention of the legacy of Henry VII. to his daughter the Scottish Queen, and all the subjects of quarrel

which had occurred since the death of that monarch." The Scottish herald returned with Henry's angry reply, but not in time to find his master alive.

XIV. 4, 5. I mean that Douglas, who in old times bore sixth (was the sixth to bear) the coronet of Angus. In other words, he was the sixth Earl of Angus.

11. "Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James III., of whom Pittscottie complains that he delighted more in music and 'policies of building' than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised as to make favourites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the king's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on these persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and seizing the opportunity when, in 1482, the King had convoked the whole array of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the king's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of the measure, Lord Grey told the assembly the Apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. 'I understand the moral,' said Angus; 'and that what we propose may not lack execution, I will *bell the cat.*'"—*Scott.*

While they were thus deliberating, Cochran appeared himself at the church door in magnificent attire, attended by three hundred followers. He was met by the nobles, and Angus roughly pulled the gold chain from his neck, saying "A halter would better become him." Angus then took the lead in hanging Cochran and the other favourites of the king over the middle of Lauder Bridge, thus fulfilling his promise that he would bell the cat.

15-16. These two lines are adverbial clauses qualifying 'fix' in line 17. Archibald, Earl of Angus, was compelled by James IV. to give up his castle of Hermitage and take Bothwell in exchange.

26. "Angus was an old man when war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting that the king said to him, with scorn and indignation, 'if he was afraid he might go home.' The earl burst into tears at this insupportable

insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons, George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden."—*Scott.*

XV. 15. **hold**, stronghold, as in **1.** XIII. 4, **2.** I. 5.

"The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high rock projecting into the German Ocean, about two miles east of North Berwick. The building is not seen till a close approach, as there is rising ground betwixt it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family." —*Scott.*

18. Mottoes were often written on swords. For instance, the celebrated Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, had inscribed on his sword in bad but intelligible Latin "*Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos* (I am Talbot's to conquer my enemies). Scott is here thinking of a very ancient sword, on which eight lines of poetry, including the words "Both Time and Hour," one of the Douglas mottoes, were inscribed. This sword bore the date 1329, and was in possession of a modern representative of the Douglas family at the time when Scott wrote.

19. See **6.** II. 10.

30. **requiem for** etc., may pray for the repose of the soul of Cochran. See note on XIV. 11, and **1.** Int. 128.

33. **ire, remorse, and shame.** James IV. resented the execution of his father's favourite as an insult to the throne, and felt himself disgraced as a king by the fact that he had never punished Douglas for his daring act of outrage. The name of Cochran excited *remorse* in the mind of King James, as the fact that the man who had inflicted such a deadly insult on his father, so far from having been punished, was still the most powerful noble in Scotland, seemed to betoken filial ingratitude on his part, and added to the deep remorse he felt on the same score owing to his rebellion against his father. See note on **4.** XV. 18.

XVI. 14. **more tender and more true**, more affectionate and loyal.

The old Douglas is called "tender and true" in an ancient poem called *The Howlate*. The inscription on the sword referred to in note on XV. 18, which purports to be Bruce's dying injunction to his friend to take his heart to Palestine, ends with the words,

"The like subject had never any king."

Scott has combined the words of *The Howlate* with the last line of the inscription on the sword into a eulogy which Bruce might very naturally have pronounced upon his trusty follower.

16. **strain**, press, squeeze hard. See **6.** XXVIII. 15.

21. **dubious deed**, an act the wisdom of which is doubtful.

22. Notice the climax from the tears of a child at a slight hurt to the tears of the stern old Douglas. Another good instance of this figure will be found in **6.** XXXIII. 18. In a climax the strongest words are kept to the end. In an anti-climax the opposite arrangement is followed, as in Shelley's *Lines to an Indian Air*, "I die, I faint, I fail," where the weakest word comes last.

27. **high**, impressive, sublime, awe-inspiring. **dark**, foreboding evil.

XVII. 2. 'Tamper' is perhaps another form of 'temper.' It here means to try and influence by taking unfair advantage. Marmion tried to influence James towards more peaceful counsels by taking advantage of his momentary burst of kindly feeling towards Douglas.

12. Marmion's answer is such as befits the ambassador of England. It is dignified, and breathes a calm spirit of well-warranted confidence in England's power, which need not be expressed in such exaggerated language as is often vainly used to conceal weakness from an enemy. Scott seems here to have amplified the words of an old English ballad on Flodden, in which Queen Margaret tries to dissuade her husband from war by saying—

> "The waters run swift and wondrous deep,
> From bottom unto the brim;
> My brother Henry has men good enough,
> England is hard to win."

13. **in**, into.

16. **prickers**, cf. **1.** XIX. 3 (note).

20. **many a**, cf. note on **2.** Int. 265.

to earth be borne, be dashed to the ground.

21. A sheaf of arrows is a bundle of arrows, as many arrows as one quiver can hold. From the saying quoted in the note on **1.** 12 we may infer that the English quivers contained twenty-four arrows each.

26. 'A hall!' was the ancient cry to make room for a dance or pageant.

28. 'Gallantly' is the adverb from 'gallant,' meaning 'attentive to ladies,' in which sense the adjective is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. Here James shows his

courtesy to the fair sex at a less unseasonable time than he afterwards chose for the display of this weakness. See XXXIV. 17.

30. Scott himself afterwards composed to this old air a song which appears in *The Monastery*. The Blue Bonnets are the Scotch, who wore blue bonnets (cf. **4.** VI. 1, **6.** Int. 48), so that the name of the air signifies a Scotch invasion of England. The Scotch are called Blue-caps by Shakespeare in the First Part of *Henry IV.*, **2.** IV.

XVIII. 12. **told her chaplet**, counted her beads. A chaplet properly means the third part of a rosary, but the two terms are often confused. For 'tell' in the sense of 'count,' see **2.** VIII. 13.

20. **Whitby's shades**, the shades of Whitby's cloisters: cf. **6.** III. 17.

XIX. 5. **scroll**, small letter or note.

12. **pitch**, height.

14. 'Home' is here used for the sake of the rhyme not very appropriately instead of 'house.' The two buildings were not the homes of either the Abbess or of the Palmer, but of some persons unknown, with whom we have no concern.

XX. 4. **was by**, was past. The city was now silent, as it was night time. 'By' is used in this temporal sense in 'by gone' and 'go by,' *e.g.*, the time has gone by.

13, 14. **here, there**, in one place, in another.

19. **of degree**, of rank.

21. **bowne**, cf. **1.** XXIX. 7 (note).

23. This is a line of five feet to suit the solemnity of the thought.

XXI. 8. **those who wed above** are nuns who do not marry, but taking a vow of chastity devote themselves to the service of God, and are looked upon as the brides of Christ. 'Above' is an adverb, meaning 'in heaven.' See note on **2.** V. 10.

9. Jeffrey remarks in his criticism, "There are passages in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not afflict our readers with more than one specimen of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton :—

"De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd,"

and twenty-two following lines.

11. It would be idle or frivolous, because noble ancestry is no

fit subject of boasting for one who has given up the world and all its vanities for the service of God.

16. "Martin Swart was a German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swartmoor. There were songs about him long current in England."—*Scott.*

As the battle of Stokefield was fought in 1487, Wilton must have been in 1513 nearly fifty years old, and Constance must have been over forty at the time of her death. As Clare was at least old enough to blush before the battle of Stokefield (see 6. VI. 8), she cannot have been much younger than Constance.

17. Lambert Simnel pretended he was the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, although the real Earl was then in the Tower. His tale was believed in Ireland, and he was proclaimed in Dublin as King Edward VI. He then landed in England with his Irish and German followers, where he was defeated and made prisoner. Instead of being executed, he was given a menial position in the household of King Henry VII.

20. To throw down the glove was to challenge to single combat. The challenge was accepted by picking up the glove.

35. **for wondrous** etc., for the ways of God are incomprehensible to man. The Abbess piously supposes that God must have had some good purpose in view when Marmion was allowed to overthrow De Wilton, although to human eyes it might seem a violation of justice.

His ways above, the ways of Him who is above, that is, of God who is in Heaven. For this use of 'above,' compare XXI. 8.

XXII. 2. **to suffer law**, to suffer the penalty of the law, the punishment prescribed by the law for those convicted of high treason.

6. **to drench**, to wet thoroughly, and so to give a liberal draught of liquor.

12. **vestal.** See note on 2. V. 10.

13. The disappointment of her earthly love turned her thoughts to heaven.

17. **Edelfied.** See note on 2. XIII. 13.

18. **strain**, descent, origin.

21. A cross is any misfortune that puts to a severe test the sufferer's powers of resignation.

26. As the falconer and huntsman are different persons, we should expect the verb to be plural. In XII. 11, as the two

nouns stand for one and the same person, the singular verb is quite regular.

34. 'Boisterous' has the same meaning as 'bluff,' which is the epithet generally applied to Henry VIII. For the character of that king, see note on **2.** XXIX. 4.

XXIII. 4. Saints sometimes retired to caverns. See **1.** XXIII. 16.

6. 'Seraphim' is the Hebrew plural of 'seraph.' The English plural form 'seraphs' is also used. The seraphim or seraphs are an exalted order of celestial beings.

19. By forging the letters Constance had prevented Clare from marrying De Wilton, and so removed Marmion's rival out of the way. She did so, according to the Abbess, that she might be able to take full vengeance on Marmion, whenever she chose to produce the instructions given by Marmion, in which he directed her to commit the forgery. The Abbess represents the whole course of events as being skilfully contrived by Saint Hilda in order to turn Clare from the world to the service of God, and also to increase the glory of her abbey, which would, by securing the estates of Clare, become much more powerful.

XXIV. 19. **still**, always.

23. 'Ere' may be taken as a preposition governing 'reply,' cf.

> "Our fruitful Nile
> Fell ere the wonted season."—*Dryden.*

XXV. 1. "The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with an unicorn. This pillar is preserved at the House of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*proh pudor!*) destroyed this curious monument, under a wanton pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand, they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

"From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made."—*Scott.*

This ancient monument was restored by Mr. Gladstone in

November, 1885, at his own expense, to be a memorial of his connection with Edinburgh as Member of Parliament for Midlothian or Edinburghshire.

7. **Be his tomb** etc., may his tomb lie heavy upon him. This is not an uncommon imprecation. The opposite blessing is found in one of Byron's lyrics, which contains the line—

"Light be the turf of thy tomb."

as lead to lead. Scott means that the destroyer's head being dull as lead, it would be in accordance with the fitness of things that it should be crushed by a weight heavy as lead, and therefore like itself.

9. **malison**, malediction or curse, is from a French contraction of the Lat. *maledictio ;* and its opposite, 'benison,' a benediction, is similarly derived from a French contraction of the Lat. *benedictio.*

15. The ear could discern no definite sound, the eye could not distinguish one countenance from another.

17. **yet darkly** etc., yet it seemed, although nothing could be seen distinctly, as if heralds were preparing etc. As the principal verb is in the past tense, the present tense 'prepare' is irregular.

22. **as fancy** etc., such as imagination constructs out of the clouds at midnight. The imagination can find in the clouds illuminated by the moon resemblances to palaces, pageants etc., but the forms that are seen are vague and indistinct. Possibly 'forms' may be a noun, and 'fancy' a noun used adjectivally (cf. note on **2.** XX. 8), in which case 'fancy forms' will mean 'fantastic shapes.'

23. It is difficult to determine whether 'her' here represents a subjective or an objective genitive : whether the moon is represented as varying with a dash of red the colour of her light, the "silver mantle" (*Paradise Lost*, IV. 611) with which she shrouds or covers the clouds and everything else ; or as varying the colour of the clouds by which she is shrouded or surrounded as with a garment. The same expression "her shroud" applied to the moon recurs in the fourth line of *Rokeby*, where it means the moonlight. It probably has the same meaning here, but, whichever of the two interpretations we adopt, the general meaning will be the same.

'Shroud' merely means a covering in this passage. In modern English it generally means a covering for the dead.

27. "This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV."—*Scott.*

XXVI. 21. 'Forbes' is a dissyllable as in 4. Int. 132.

22. **why should I** etc., there is no reason why I should specify their several titles.

31. The other according to the poem is De Wilton (6. VIII. 31); but according to Pittscottie, who gives the original account of this summons, it was one Mr. Richard Lawson, who "being evil disposed, ganging in his gallery-stairs foreanent the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and cast over the stair, saying, I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and take me all whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus his son."

34. **appealing me,** making my appeal. To appeal is properly an intransitive verb meaning to make an appeal. It is here used transitively having as object 'me,' used as a reflexive pronoun. This may be regarded as a construction according to the sense. As 'to appeal' means 'to address oneself' to a higher court, the verb is used with a reflexive pronoun as if the word 'address' had been actually used instead of 'appeal.'

40. 'Fast and fast' is equivalent to the more common expression 'faster and faster.' The repetition of 'fast' intensifies the meaning, so that 'fast and fast' or 'faster and faster' indicates breathless rapidity.

XXVII. 10. This is an instance of apostrophe, a very favourite figure of speech with Homer and Scott. It consists in a diversion of the language suddenly into an address to some person or object, which would naturally be spoken of in the third person. For a fine instance in this poem of the same figure of speech, see 6. XX. 12-13, where the poet's patriotic feelings are wrought up to such a pitch of intensity by his imagination of the battle scene, that he bursts out into an appeal to the past heroes of Scotland. See also 2. VIII. 21, 6. XIX. 23, where the apostrophes are, as here, made to inanimate objects.

Notice the careless repetition of the word 'fair' which has already been used as the rhyming word in the fifth line of the stanza.

23. 'Would' is used in its frequentative sense, and means that he made a practice of feeding his own horse. See note on 2. Int. 29.

24. **frocke,** archaic spelling of 'frock.'

29. **fairly.** See 6. XV. 25.

XXVIII. 1. **some half-hour's march,** about the distance that could be traversed in half an hour by soldiers marching, that is, about two miles. 'Some' in this sense comes before numbers or measurements that are only intended to be approximate.

2. **governed fair**, excellently commanded. Eustace managed the troops so well that he showed himself to be a good commander. 'Fair' is an adverb.

9. **removed...her slow consent**, the slow consent of her removed. 'Removed' agrees with the possessive pronoun 'her' (=of her) in l. 12: cf. notes on **1.** Int. 72, **2.** XXXII. 15, and **4.** Int. 9. Or perhaps the construction in this passage may be absolute, 'removed' agreeing with 'she' understood.

16. **to stretch his wide command**, to enlarge the territory he ruled, and make it more extensive by the addition of Clara's land to his estates. 'Wide' expresses the result of the action of the verb. Adjectives used in this sense generally follow the noun with which they agree as "paint the future fair" (**6.** V. 29), "had worn him grim" (**3.** XXI. 3). But sometimes in poetry they have this proleptic meaning in their ordinary position. Cf. **2.** XXXIII. 22, and *Macbeth* **3.** IV. 75, "Ere human statutes purged the gentle weal," that is reformed the rough state and made it gentle.

18. **besides** introduces an additional reason why Marmion had not tried to have a personal interview with Clara.

19. **the pang** etc. His feelings of humiliation at seeing Wilton preferred to himself incited him to oppose the marriage of Wilton and Clara just as much as if he had really loved Clara and been jealous of Wilton.

21, 22. Conquest won by that meanness (which) he almost loathed to look upon.

23. **the cause**, Clara.

XXIX. 2. **Law**, see **4.** XXX. 24 (note).

4. "The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistertian nuns, near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216."—*Scott.*

6. The Bass Rock and Lambie Isle are two islands near the town of North Berwick.

7. The ocean calm or stormy according to circumstances.

24. Do not think me wanting in courtesy.

27. 'Wend' is the present tense of the verb, the past tense of which (went) is used as the past tense of 'go.' Scott uses the old past tense of 'go' in **3.** XXXI. 8.

28. The epithet 'broad' suggests that the letter was a large important looking document, the authority of which could not well be disputed. Cf. XIII. 18.

XXX. 33. "To curse by bell, book, and candle is a solemn mode of excommunication used in the Roman Catholic Church, in which the clergyman pronounces the formula of excom-

munication, the bell is tolled as for the dead, the book from which the formula was read is closed, and a lighted candle is cast upon the ground, the effect being to exclude the excommunicated from the society of the faithful."—*Ogilvie's Dictionary.*

XXXI. 12. **prancing** agrees with 'him' in the following line. To prance in pride of earthly trust means to ride proudly with perfect trust in such material advantages as personal courage, bodily strength, and armed followers, instead of humbly confessing dependence upon God's favour.

20. 'As me' ought to be 'as I (am).' 'As' not being a preposition, cannot govern an accusative case. For this common inaccuracy, cf. Adams' *English Language*, §§ 524, 528. That grammarian quotes among other instances—

"Is she as tall as me (as I am)."—*Shakespeare.*

"It is not for such as us (as we are) to sit with the rulers of the land."—*Scott.*

Some grammarians however treat 'me' in such cases as really a nominative like the French '*moi*' in '*c'est moi!*' This suggested explanation only applies to such uses of 'me.' No one regards 'him' and 'us' in such contexts as nominative forms.

22. Judith, a beautiful and pious Jewess, slew Holofernes, an Assyrian general, who was besieging the town of Bethulia. The story is told in the Apocrypha.

24. Jael received the defeated Canaanite general Sisera in her tent with all the outward signs of hospitality, and, when he slept, killed him by hammering a tent peg into his temples. This Sisera was defeated by Barak, who had been directed to attack him by the prophetess Deborah.

25. The end of the stanza marks the contrast between the "unnurtured Blount," cf. XXXII. 28; 6. XXVIII. 27, and the more "gentle Fitz-Eustace," cf. XXXII. 27. Even Blount however shows in the next stanza that he is not ill-natured.

27. Erysipelas was called St. Anthony's fire. Another disease called after the name of a saint is St. Vitus' dance.

31. **fond**, foolish. The old English word 'fon' meant 'fool.' The word afterwards came to mean 'foolishly affectionate,' and now usually means 'affectionate' without connoting folly.

33. **don**, cf. 4. Int. 38.

XXXII. 4. **living**, the means of supporting life.

9. **that inviolable dome**, the convent at Whitby. Certain monasteries in England formerly had the privilege of affording refuge to fugitives from justice, and were therefore called sanctuaries. A person accused of any crime, except treason or sacri-

lege, could by taking refuge in one of these sanctuaries save his life if he made confession and consented to leave the country. The word 'sanctuary' may either mean the place affording protection, or as in l. 8 the protection afforded. Westminster Abbey was the most celebrated sanctuary in England.

11. **open portals**. The epithet 'open' is emphatic. The homicide would be sufficiently protected by the sacredness of the sanctuary without the gates being shut against his pursuers.

19. **one victim**, either Wilton, whom she supposes to be dead (see 2. VI. 10), or perhaps Constance.

20. **your blessing**, elliptical for 'grant me your blessing.'

23. **many a**, cf. note on 2. Int. 265.

29. The squire who led her away was presumably Fitz-Eustace, as the gentleness and courtesy described in the three following lines agree with his character, and would not be consistent with the roughness of Blount.

XXXIII. 6. **held**, supposed. Tantallon had the reputation of being impregnable. In an old Scotch proverb "to ding (knock) down Tantallon and build a bridge to the Bass" were represented as typical impossibilities. As a matter of fact Tantallon Castle remained a virgin fortress until 1651, when Cromwell's cannon effected a breach in the walls. The fact that the castle is now a heap of ruins justifies the change of tense in l. 8. The ocean still flows round the rock as before, but only ruins now remain of its stately towers and battled walls, which must therefore be described in the past tense.

18. **broke its lines** etc., prevented the area of the court from being a quadrilateral bounded by four straight lines.

19. **keep**. See note on 1. I. 4.

XXXIV. 6. **fleeter fame** is report which can outstrip the swiftest posts.

17. **dallying off the day**, passing the day in dalliance.

31. **without**, adv. outside.

34. **fearful**, timid. In modern English the word means 'inspiring fear.'

37. **death to my fame**, it would be ruinous to my reputation, or, may my reputation be ruined. Whether the elliptical sentence is an imprecation, or is merely intended to express the consequence of the fulfilment of the condition mentioned, the two lines have much the same meaning, and express indirectly Marmion's determination to be present at the battle.

42. 'Array' is used intransitively in the sense of array themselves, get into array, cf. 2. Int. 247.

43. **against**, so as to be ready by dawn.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

Richard Heber, the friend to whom this introduction is addressed, was a brother of Reginald Heber, the poet, who was Bishop of Calcutta.

Mertoun House, from which the introduction is dated, is the seat of Lord Polwarth, the head of the Scotts of Harden, to which family the poet belonged. In Lockhart's Life, it is spoken of as the place where, from the first days of his ballad rhyming down to the close of his life, he usually spent the Christmas season with the immediate head of his race.

In the opening lines of this Introduction the poet blends together, as they had come to be blent in actual usage, the associations of the heathen festival of Jol (Yule) and the Christian festival of Christmas. At the winter solstice the heathen nations of Northern Europe held their festival of Yule, in token of their faith in the power of the returning sun to give new warmth and life to the frost-bound earth. The 25th of December, in the season of the winter solstice, was the date fixed upon by the consent of Christian nations, after some differences in early practice, for the celebration of the nativity of Jesus Christ. As Yule and Christmas fell at the same season, many of the usages of Yule naturally became part of the rejoicings of Christmas as celebrated by the Christian descendants of heathen forefathers; and the word Yule came to be made use of as meaning Christmas, as for instance in an old Christmas song the opening verse of which runs as follows:—

> "Welcome be thou heavenly King,
> Welcome, born on this morning,
> Welcome for whom we shall sing
> Welcome Yule."

6. **heathen yet**, while still heathen.

7. Mead is a fermented liquor made from honey. It is also called metheglin. See note on 1. XXIV. 12. The word 'mead' is etymologically connected with the Sanskrit *madhu* (honey), from which comes the Hindustani *mad*.

12. **gorged**, gorged themselves. The verb is used intransitively as 'hurl' is in 2. Int. 247.

half-dressed steer, imperfectly cooked ox. They were not even civilized enough to have their meat properly cooked.

13. **sable**, dark coloured. To bear this epithet the beer drunk by the Danes must have resembled in colour the porter rather than the beer of the present day.

17. **scalds,** minstrels.

23. **Odin** was the chief god of the Danes, and other Scandinavian nations. His "hall" or court was Valhalla, whither came all brave warriors after death to continue the uproarious revels which had delighted them in life.

27. **hospitable train,** hospitable accompaniments.

31. **sung,** chanted. The word 'night' in the next line is emphatic, as the mass is often celebrated and the chalice (cup containing the sacred wine typical of Christ's blood) is often lifted up for the adoration of the people in the day-time, but only once in the year at night, namely, on Christmas eve., *i.e.* the day before Christmas Day.

34. **kirtle sheen,** bright-coloured dress. The exact meaning of kirtle is a skirt.

"His kirtle made of forest green reached scantly to his knee."
Lay of the Last Minstrel, 3. XVII.

'Sheen,' as now used, is a substantive meaning gleam, brightness, shininess.

37. The mistletoe is a parasitic plant found on the apple and other trees, and held in great respect at Christmas time.

40. **power laid** etc., the powerful for the time associated on equal terms with their inferiors, and persons of high rank, who generally exacted ceremonious reverence, condescended to forget their exalted position. Thus all social distinctions were ignored, so that high and low, rich and poor, might enjoy themselves together.

41. **doff'd.** See note on **4.** Int. 38.

42. The roses were not real flowers but artificial imitations made of ribbons or leather.

43. **partner,** a partner in the dance.

44. **underogating,** not derogating, without diminishing his dignity. The verb 'derogate' means to diminish one's dignity in Cymbeline II. 1 :—"You cannot derogate, my lord." Scott, starting from this rare meaning of 'derogate,' negatives the imperfect participle by means of the prefix 'un.' This is quite a permissible way of treating passive perfect participles, but is decidedly unusual with imperfect active participles. Thus, when Campbell says that "Sarmatia fell unwept," that is, not wept, his language is quite regular; but he would have transgressed ordinary usage had he ventured to say that she fell unweeping. 'Un,' as a verbal prefix, except in the case of passive perfect participles, should indicate the reversal of the action of the verb, and not mere negation. To unlock, for instance, does not mean 'not to lock,' but 'to open that which has been locked.' How-

ever, poets occasionally, in the case of imperfect participles, use the license that Scott ventures upon here. Thus we find in Coleridge's *Love*—

> "Unknowing what he did,
> He leap'd amid a murderous band."

And Pope describes Camilla as flying "o'er the unbending corn," in which passages 'unknowing' and 'unbending' mean 'not knowing,' and 'not bending,' just as here 'underogating' means 'not derogating.'

45. 'Post and pair' was a game played with cards.

48. **that to the cottage** etc., that brought tidings of salvation to cottagers and kings. Similarly in 5. XVII. 30 we have Blue Bonnets meaning the wearers of blue bonnets.

49. **tidings of salvation**, the news of the birth of Christ, the Saviour of the world, whose nativity is celebrated on Christmas Day. Compare the lines of Keble :—

> "The Christmas bells, so soft and clear,
> To high and low glad tidings tell,
> How God the Father loved us well,
> How God the Eternal Son
> Came to undo what we had done."

55. **no mark to part the squire and lord**, no mark to separate and distinguish them from persons of lower rank. A salt cellar used to be placed on the table in old times, below which sat the servants and guests of inferior rank. From this custom is derived the expression 'below the salt,' to express inferiority in social position.

56. **brawn**, boar's flesh. It is called lusty because it is the flesh of a lusty, *i.e.*, big, strong, and healthy boar, or because it is healthy food and makes men strong and lusty.

60. A ranger is one who ranges, *i.e.*, goes hither and thither through a forest or park to look after it.

63. **to bait**, means to attack with dogs.

64. The word wassel, spelt also wassail, in its original meaning was equivalent to the phrase "your health" of the present day. Thus we find in an old Anglo-Saxon carol, "Here then I bid you all wassail." It then came to mean the drink in which a health was drunk at Christmas time. See 1. XXII. 20.

65. **trowls**, more correctly written 'trolls,' goes round.

66. **hard by**, very near.

69. **her savoury goose**, the goose which she prided herself upon as her characteristic Christmas dish. In Scotland goose pie was the chief attraction at a Christmas dinner, while the

English preferred roast beef, plum porridge, and the Christmas pie mentioned in l. 67, which is described by a traveller quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* as being "a most learned mixture of neats' tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery etc."

70. Maskers were persons dressed in quaint disguise.

74. **mumming**, acting, assuming a part.

75. The mumming of Christmas time bore some resemblance to the old mysteries which were the origin of the English drama.

77. Instead of wearing masks they disguised themselves by the simpler expedient of blackening their faces with soot.

78. **dight**. See 1. VI. 11.

80. 'Merry' is an epithet constantly applied to England in old ballads and elsewhere. Scott here says she really deserved the epithet in old days.

89. **the kindred title**, the title to regard which is founded on relationship. The Scotch recognize more distant cousinships than the English. See note on Mertoun House in the beginning of this introduction.

92. This is merely a paraphrase of the proverb "Blood is thicker than water," which means that it is natural to have warmer affection for blood relations than for mere strangers.

95. Walter Scott, the poet's great grandfather, was generally known as "Bearded Wat," from a vow which he made to leave his beard unshorn till the restoration of the Royal House of Stuart. Not content with that he took up arms and intrigued in their cause until he lost all he had in the world.

96, 97. These two lines and some of the words that follow are borrowed by Scott from a poetical invitation sent to his great grandfather by the grandfather of his host. This poetical invitation, like Scott's own epistle, was dated from Mertoun House.

"With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and care,
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine;
We'll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.
We Christians think it holiday,
On it no sin to feast or play;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition is the use
Our ancestors made of a goose:
Why may we not, as well as they,
Be innocently blithe that day,

On goose or pye, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal?—
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott."

100. **thoughts divine,** thoughts upon religious subjects, such as the birth of Christ.

102. 'Hitch' is a rather vulgar word meaning to hook up or lift with a jerk.

104. **to his cost,** in a way resulting in loss to himself. 'To' here expresses result, so that the line means that his loyalty had cost him dear. See note on l. 95.

107. **where welcome** etc., where guests are received with cordiality and allowed perfect freedom to amuse themselves in whatever way they think best. Sometimes a host, who is very anxious to please his guests, interferes with their liberty and comfort by prescribing a fixed programme of amusements for everybody. This mistake was not made by the poet's hostess, Mrs. Scott of Harden. In l. 110 we are further told that this lady was able, as if by magic, to put her guests perfectly at their ease, and free them from all feeling of constraint.

117. The stream of the Tweed winds closely round Mertoun House and grounds before going on its onward way.

119. **holds his mirror.** Tweed reflects the sweet domain in his waters as in a mirror. It is better to make 'her' refer to the domain, that is, the land round Mertoun House, than to Mertoun House itself, which was last mentioned (l. 115) in the plural number; but the personification of a piece of land is, it must be allowed, less natural than the personification of a building. Compare 2. VIII. 7, where a mansion is made feminine. Perhaps, when Scott speaks of the domain, he is really thinking more of the house than of the surrounding grounds.

120. **clips,** embraces, clasps.

"He kisseth her and clippeth her full oft."—*Chaucer.*

'Clip' means also to cut, particularly to cut with scissors, the blades of which clasp what they cut. The use of the word as meaning embrace is archaic.

126. **and heard** etc., have been up till midnight. In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Falstaff says, "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

128. **tomes,** volumes. The word is generally applied to ancient and ponderous books.

131. Noll Bluffe, a character in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, said, "Hannibal was a pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons

are odious ; Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted, but alas ! sir, were he alive now he would be nothing, nothing in the earth."

132. 'Pretty' is here used in its old sense of 'smart' or 'pleasing to look upon because of vigour and strength,' instead of the present meaning 'pleasing to look upon because of grace or beauty of a diminutive kind.'

133. The two words 'time and tide' in this collocation ordinarily mean 'time and the season of ebb and flow of the ocean,' as in the proverb, "Time and tide wait for no man." Here 'tide,' which means also time, l. 98, may be held to be used with singsong alliteration to double and enforce the idea that time sees men of all epochs pass away.

134. Supply the words "is appropriate," or some similar phrase.

138. The poet is carried away by a desire for antithesis. There was no stint of clash of arms in Latin verse and prose.

139. **limbo** (Lat. *limbus*, a border) is the name assigned in Roman Catholic theology to that place or condition of departed souls in which those are detained who have not offended by any personal act of their own, but nevertheless are not admitted to the divine vision.

142. **touch my charter**, meddle with my license to deal with themes like these.

143. Leyden the poet served in India as a surgeon, as a professor in the Calcutta College, and as a judge. He died in the Island of Java in 1811, having accompanied a British expedition there. His untimely death is alluded to in *The Lord of the Isles* :—

> "Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
> His bright and brief career is o'er,
> And mute his tuneful strains ;
> Quenched is his lamp of varied lore
> That loved the light of song to pour ;
> A distant and a deadly shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains."

Leyden was still alive when *Marmion* was written, but he had left Scotland for India.

144. **many-languaged lore.** Leyden, in addition to Latin and Greek, zealously studied French, Spanish, Italian, German, Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

146. 'Wraith' is used here as synonymous with ghost or apparition of a person who is dead. It sometimes means the

apparition of a living person. The descent of Ulysses into hell, where he meets the shade of Hercules (Alcides), is recounted in the *Odyssey*. In the third book of the *Aeneid* Aeneas does not actually meet the ghost of the murdered Polydorus, but only hears its voice.

149. **cross**, come across, meet with.

150. **locutus bos**, an ox spoke. This prodigy is gravely related by Livy as having happened on various inauspicious occasions.

154. **common councilman**, member of a municipal corporation. The common council of a town is an assembly empowered to make by-laws for the regulation of a city or corporate town.

157. **Cambria**, Wales.

158. This is an allusion to the Welsh tradition of Howel Sell and Owen Glendower. Howel fell in single combat with Glendower, and his body was concealed in a hollow oak that had been blasted by lightning.

161. Maida's shore in Calabria was in 1806 the scene of a battle in which the British defeated the French.

the battle turned, converted what threatened to be a defeat into a victory. Cf. 6. IX. 6. The 78th regiment of Highlanders took a prominent part in deciding the battle.

162. According to the belief of Scottish Highlanders, the supernatural powers of fairies and elves were more active on Friday than on any other day.

165. **grassy ring**, fairy ring, fairy circle, consisting of a circular bare path through the grass, popularly supposed to be produced by fairy dances, but really due to a kind of fungus which prevents grass from growing.

166. **ken**, sight, perception, knowledge.

169. **Franchemont**, being pronounced according to French rules of pronunciation, rhymes correctly with 'along,' and, in l. 175, with 'wrong.'

179. A hanger is a kind of sword.

181. **an 'twere not**, if it were not.

186. **to chase the fiend**, to drive away the demon who watches over the treasure in the form of a huntsman.

188. **necromantic**, skilled in necromancy, enchantment.

192. The conjurer is the necromantic priest.

193. The demon is the fiend huntsman.

195. **amain**, with force, violently.

198. The day of doom is the day of the last judgment, when all the world will be judged by God, and the wicked will be doomed to eternal punishment.

> "That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
> When heaven and earth shall pass away."
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto 6. XXXI.

199. The adept is the priest, an adept in necromancy.

200. **clench'd**, closed fast, made complete.

203. **scarce three letters has he won**, of the word that clench'd the spell, and which must be spoken to bring the spell to an end, and let the enchanted chest be opened.

205. 'Say excuse' is far from being good idiomatic English for 'excuse' or 'serve as an excuse for.'

206, 207. **whose gossip history** etc., from whose garrulous history the story in this poem about the messenger from heaven has been taken.

'God sib' meant a person related by baptism (similarly god-father, god-son), hence a neighbour, then one who talks as neighbours do to one another in a garrulous way about trivial matters. The word 'sib' has survived in Lowland Scotch as meaning 'related.'

207. See 4. XVI., XVII.

209. **Nor less** etc., and has also given my song the infernal summoning. Or perhaps we may change the semicolon at the end of line 205 into a comma, and understand line 209 to mean 'nor less (may such general superstition say excuse for) the infernal summoning, *i.e.*, the summons that appeared to come from hell or to be uttered by some one sent from there. See 5. XXV., XXVI.

210. **may pass**, general superstition may pass, allow without objection, pardon.

The monk of Durham's tale is the story of Brian Bulmer. See 4. XXII. 8 (note).

212. Fordun was a Scottish chronicler who flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century.

213. **Gifford's goblin cave.** See 3. XIX.

214. But why (need I cite) such instances?

215. **renew**, reproduce for use as new.

217. Twenty thousand more (instances).

218. Books hoarded by people who never read them are like the treasures in the Franchemont chest.

220. **gripple**, griping, holding fast, tenacious, cf. "Griple Covetyse (Covetousness)"—*Spenser.*

222. **the priest's whole century**, the hundred years during which the necromantic priest has been striving with the demon huntsman.

226. **open as thy heart.** In this comparison advantage is taken of two meanings of the word 'open.' The volumes are said to be open because their owner allows them to be used freely by any one who wishes to consult them ; they are open in the same sense as a public park is open to the public. Mr. Heber's heart is open because he is open-hearted, that is, candid and generous.

225, 226. Their pleasure in the books (is) the same (as that which) the magpie takes in pilfered gems, *i.e.*, they delight in possessing the books and keeping them out of the hands of others, but they do not use them or appreciate their value.

232. This language is figurative. The poet means that the time has come for the battle of Flodden to be sung.

233. 'Life and health' is elliptical for 'I wish thee life and health.' Similarly in Latin we find such expressions as 'Anacharsis Hannoni salutem' without the word 'dicit.'

CANTO SIXTH.

I. 1. 'On the gale' is like the expression 'in the wind.' Events that are believed to be about to happen are said to be in the wind.

4. **fretted.** See note on 1. Int. 146.

6. **snuffed**, sniffed, scented. Scott has in his mind Job xxxix. 25, "He (the horse) saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off."

9. **leaguer**, besieging army.

10. **before decisive battle day**, before a day of decisive battle between the armies, not of England and France, but of England and Scotland. This adverbial phrase qualifies 'come' in l. 8.

18. **life** is in apposition to the idea of the preceding sentence. Cf. 1. Int. 184.

II. 1. **dizzy steep.** See note on 1. Int. 254.

4. The insult of the air is the leaping up of the air, as if in insult, in the form of breeze-blown spray.

6. **half spray**, because it was wet with the spray from the storm-tost sea.

10. This is the language of heraldry. The field is the surface of the shield as a whole. The chief is the upper portion of the surface. A mullet is a heraldic emblem in the form of a star, generally with five points, intended to represent a spur rowel. The Bloody Heart commemorates the bequest by Robert Bruce of his heart to the Good Sir James Douglas, that it might be taken to the Holy Land. Sir James was slain in battle in Andalusia without accomplishing his mission.

21. **A bartisan** is a small overhanging turret.

22. A coign or coin is a sharp or projecting corner. So a vantage-coign or coign of vantage is a corner which gives one an advantage in looking from a place.

29. There was no need for strong defences on the sea-girt side.

III. 1. **for**, because.

4. **list**, listen to.

14. **frontlet**, a fillet or band worn on the forehead.

cloister pale is probably merely equivalent to 'gray cloister' in *The Lady of the Lake*, 1. xv. 8. It is possible, however, that the cloister is called pale because it makes pale the faces of the nuns, who are confined in its shades and do not go out much in the sunlight. See 1. Int. 254, and *Rokeby* 1. xvi. 20, where the pestilential deserts of Darien are called "Darien's deserts pale." A third possibility is that cloister pale means the enclosure of the cloister, 'pale' being a noun, and 'cloister' being used adjectively like 'doublet' in 2. xx. 8.

16. **it were unseemly** etc., it would look out of place for her to appear in the dress of a novice when she was no longer confined within the walls of a convent.

18. Her hair was no longer hidden by a hood.

21. **fretted**, interlaced crosswise, like lattice work.

28. **breviary**, the book containing the daily services of the Roman Catholic Church.

29. Cf. Coleridge's *Christabel*—

> "I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
> A lady so richly clad as she—
> Beautiful exceedingly!"

36. **practise on**, improve his dexterity as an archer by shooting at gulls and crows.

39. **fay**, fairy.

40. **spell-bound**, under the influence of enchantment.

41. **in work-day world** in ordinary life as opposed to romance. The work-day world is the world looked at from a matter of fact

point of view as a place in which men must work hard to gain a livelihood; whereas persons like Fitz-Eustace expect a succession of such romantic adventures as they read of in their favourite fictions.

42. **witching**, bewitchingly.

IV. 5. **her peaceful rule**, the peaceful place she rules.

15. **her form deny**, refuse to reveal herself.

16. **was it that** etc., can the reason, why I was never deemed worthy to see St. Hilda, have been that my soul was no longer capable of melting with holy affection or burning with religious zeal.

18. **low with him**, buried in the lowly grave of him etc. It must be remembered that she thought Wilton was dead. See 2. VI.

25. **dark**, wicked and crafty. Clare is also no doubt thinking of his personal appearance, which agreed with the darkness of his soul, for his hair was coal-black (1. v. 15) and his cheek was swarthy (6. XIV. 1).

27. **that** is here a conjunction introducing a noun sentence as object of 'learn.'

constant mind, constancy of mind.

28. **descended**, came down by inheritance.

V. 1. **what makes this armour here**, what is it doing here?

3. **targe**, target, shield.

8. **thus Wilton** (fared). Perhaps 'Wilton' may be vocative, in which case we must alter the punctuation of the original editions by the insertion of a comma after 'thus.'

11. **yon**, that, said of something at a distance but in view, so that it can be pointed out. Here it is used with reference to a moderate distance of time.

18. Scott seems here to forget that he is telling a story to the general public, and speaks as if he were an ancient minstrel addressing an assembly of Lords and Ladies. This line would have been more natural in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Compare the third line of the Envoy.

20. **limner**, painter.

29. **paints the future fair**, makes the future appear bright. The adjective 'fair' expresses the result of the action of the verb. Cf. 5. XXVIII. 16.

VI. 1. **forget we**, let us forget, say nothing about as if we had forgotten.

2. **lists**, the ground enclosed for a combat.

5. A pallet is a small mean bed.

6. A beadsman is one who prays, telling his beads, one who prays for others.

7. **Austin.** This subject is left without a verb, the intended sentence being broken by a long parenthesis and left unfinished.

22. **much by his kind attendance wrought**, much having been wrought, effected.

24. **Palmer**, cf. 1. XXVII. 6, 1. XXIII. 1.

weeds, garments, clothes, cf. 1. Int. 256.

25. **to shade**, to hide, disguise.

26. **journey'd**, journey'd through. The verb being equivalent in meaning to the transitive verb 'traverse' is here used with an object, instead of being followed by the preposition 'through.'

29. **for my reason feared**, had fears about my reason, that is, feared I might lose my reason and go mad.

VII. 1. Cain, the son of Adam, murdered his brother Abel, and God, to punish him for his crime, made him "a fugitive and vagabond in the earth."

restless agrees with the possessive genitive 'my.' See notes on 2. XXXII. 15, and 4. Int. 9.

2. **ta'en**, taken.

4. The story of my fate was told in different forms.

8. No one could guess that the person in the Palmer's dress was De Wilton. 'Guess' is here nearly equivalent to 'recognize.'

10. **slough is shed**, covering is thrown off. 'Slough' means the dead skin which a serpent casts off, revealing the bright new one underneath it.

12. **glass**, mirror.

15. Wilton is so indignant against Marmion that he abhors his very name.

16. "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth." Psalms xciv. 1.

20. **hostel**, hostelry, inn.

set, placed, sitting.

This and the following stanza go back to the incidents of the Third Canto, Stanza XIII. to the end. They explain in particular the concluding stanza of the Third Canto.

VIII. 1. See the closing line of stanza XIII. of the Third Canto.

augury, omen. The Latin *augurium* means prophecy based on the flight of birds, but the English augury has a more general meaning and may include any kind of prophecy.

4. **sprite**, spirit.

6. **borrow'd**. This is an euphemism for what De Wilton did. He took the weapons and armour without asking, while Marmion's retainers were asleep.

8. The word 'passing' refers to De Wilton only, in spite of the 'we' after it, cf. 5. VI. 35.

A postern is a small back door.

9. **counter'd**, encountered, engaged in combat.

12. **helmed**, helmeted.

13. A cowl is a monk's hood. Wilton was naturally more easily recognized when clad in armour and no longer disguised as a palmer.

19. **thy master**, *i.e.* De Wilton himself, Austin's master.

26. See 5. XXVI.

pageantry, a showy spectacle.

27. **broke**, interrupted.

29. **featly**, skilfully, dexterously.

juggle, conjurer's trick.

30. See note on 5. XXV. 27.

31. **appeal to heaven**. See 5. XXVI. 32-35.

IX. 4. **won...his falchion** etc., the falchion of him won shall dub me knight, that is, he has been convinced by my proofs and his falchion (sword) shall dub me knight. See note on 4. Int. 9.

5. **dub**, to strike, to confer knighthood, to make a knight by striking with the back of the sword.

6. **these**, the armour here lying. See stanza v. 1.

7. The battle of Otterburne was fought in August 1388. Froissart describes it as the most bravely contested fight in his time. The English were led by Harry Percy, called Hotspur from his fiery temper. A Douglas, the leader of the Scots, was slain early in the battle, but his death was concealed, that his followers might not be discouraged, and the Scotch won the day. Their victory fulfilled an old prophecy that a "dead Douglas would win a field," cf. line 9.

turn the tide of fight. This phrase is used, because the battle was going against the Scotch, when Douglas retrieved the day by charging into the thickest of the foe and sacrificing his life. See Chap. XVI. of Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*.

16. Twisel Glen is the glen through which the river Twisel flows to meet the Tweed, cf. XIX. 5.

18. **by law of arms**, according to the rules of chivalry. Those who were about to be made knights had to watch their armour

in a church the night before their promotion. This ceremony was called the vigil of arms.

19. **belted.** Knights were distinguished from esquires by their belts and gilded spurs.

20. **seek,** am to seek. Poets often use the present when speaking of a future action. So, in the next line, 'meet' means 'are to meet.'

X. 17. **that reddening brow!** From these words it is evident that Wilton blushed at the very idea of acquiescing tamely in his dishonour. Here and in XIV. 14, XXIII. 15, Scott employing a kind of indirect narration leaves us to infer that something has happened from words spoken in a speech.

XI. 4. An embrazure is an opening in a wall or parapet.

7. **pride** here and in 1. XV. 24 means 'beauty.' In the *Lay* 1. XXI. 10, Scott contrasts 'December's snow' with 'July's pride,' and the adjective 'proud' means 'beautiful' 'splendid' when applied to Roslin Chapel in the same poem (6. XXIII. 46). The connection between the two meanings of 'proud' and 'pride' is due to the fact that beauty is one of the chief sources of pride. The natural transition from one of these two meanings to the other may be illustrated from the English word 'superb' mean ing 'splendid' which is derived from the Latin *superbus* (proud). The Icelandic *prydi* from the same root as 'proud' means 'ornament.'

8. **sober,** of mild brightness, not glaring like the light of the sun.

glances, rays.

9. There was much need of the moonlight, as the four torches did not sufficiently light up the chapel.

17. The bishop mentioned was Gawain Douglas, the author of a Scottish metrical version of Virgil's *Æneid.*

19. A rocquet is a kind of linen surplice. **sheen,** see note on 5. VIII. 12.

27. **doff'd his gown,** with his gown put off, done off, that is, not clad in his gown.

31. The epithet 'sweeping' (see note on 4. XII. 17) is applicable to the sword, not as it appeared while Angus leant upon it, but as it had appeared when wielded by Angus in the field of battle. "Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kilspindie, a favourite of James IV., having spoken of him lightly, the Earl met him while hawking, and, compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh bone and killed him on the spot."—*Scott.*

32. **wont,** cf. 2. XXXII. 3 (note).

34. A sapling is a young tree. A spray is a small shoot or branch of a tree, a twig.

35. **he seemed** etc., he looked like a Douglas risen from the dead on the judgment day. See 6. Int. 198.

39, 40. Cf. with these two lines the similar termination of the twenty-first stanza of the Second Canto.

XII. 7. **a friend**, his sword, which had failed to protect him in his single combat with Marmion. Of course we are not intended to suppose that Clara now buckled on him the sword he had worn then. It appears from the ninth stanza that Douglas supplied him with arms.

9. **struck.** See note on IX. 5.

28. **do thy worst**, use all thy strength and skill so as to do as much harm as possible to thy enemy. Douglas might have expressed the same meaning by saying 'Do thy best.'

29. **blenches**, starts back, shrinks back in fear.

foul fall him, may foul fate befall him. This is the opposite of the Shakespearian 'fair befall' (*Rich. III.* 1. III. 282). Another way of explaining the construction is to take 'fair' or 'foul' as an adverb and regard 'befall' as an impersonal verb. In this case 'foul fall him' would be equivalent to 'may it befall him foully.'

XIII. 10. The hawk is Marmion, the prey De Wilton. The meaning seems to be that the hawk may descend from his flight, as there is nothing more that he can do, his prey having flown; but in the language of falconry 'stoop' properly means the act of swooping down to attack the prey, in which sense it is used in 4. XXIX. 7. If 'stoop' is used in its technical sense, Douglas must be meant to say, 'Let the hawk swoop down if he likes. We do not care whether he attempts an attack or not, as his prey is now beyond his reach.' For other instances of 'let' with an infinitive to express indifference to the action meant by the verb in the infinitive, see XV. 20, 6. Int. 2.

13. **plain**, complain.

XIV. 4. 'An' and 'and' are used in old English as conditional conjunctions equivalent to 'if.' It is doubtful whether 'an' or 'and' is the original form. If 'an' is the original form, then the form 'and' was due to a mistaken identification of 'an' with the common 'and.'

12. **pitch**, a point, any point or degree of elevation, highest rise.

14, 15. These words are addressed to the retainers of the Douglas, who are standing by, and looking to their lord (Douglas) to see if he will not order them to attack Marmion.

sword. See 3. Int. 183.

22. 'Ashen' properly means 'made of ash wood,' and not, as here, 'pale as ashes,' which meaning would naturally be expressed by 'ashy.' 'Ashen' is used by Scott again in this sense in *Rokeby*, 5. XII. 1—

"The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek."

28. **up drawbridge.** The drawbridge being up, the castle moat would be impassable.

grooms, servants, retainers.

29. The portcullis (Fr. *porte*, gate, and *coulisse* from *couler*, to flow) was a frame of wood strengthened with iron, in the form of a grating, and sliding in vertical grooves in the jambs of the entrance gate of a fortified place. The vertical bars were pointed with iron below, and stuck in the ground, when the grating was dropped. Thus, whatever it fell upon would not only be crushed beneath a heavy weight, but also pierced by iron spikes.

30. **well was his need**, well had he need to do so, for very good reasons it was necessary for him to do so.

33. The grate is the iron-barred grating of the portcullis.

35. **razed**, grazed, as in 3. XXIV. 7. For the portcullis to do this without any further harm to Marmion and his steed, we must suppose that Marmion's plume was streaming back horizontally, and that the time it took the portcullis to fall from the height of the plume to the level of the horse's back was long enough for the horse's hind quarters and tail to get clear away. It would be easier to believe this if Marmion may be supposed to have been riding his horse as a costermonger rides his donkey, that is to say, on the croup.

XV. 1-8. The arbitrary variation of tenses in the beginning of this stanza is not to be imitated in prose composition. 'Trembled' (l. 2), 'reached' (l. 5), and 'shook' (l. 8) are past tenses, whereas 'flies' (l. 1), 'halts,' 'turns' (l. 6), and 'pours' (l. 7) are historic presents. In the second line 'trembles' would suit the metre as well as 'trembled.'

8. **gauntlet**, the iron glove of armour.

13. The Douglas speaks as if the actual forgery of a letter had been done by Marmion. But it would appear from 5. XXIII. that the "letters that claimed disloyal aid" were forged by Constance, Marmion having furnished her with instructions under his hand and seal. Marmion's guilt was of course as great, whether he forged the letters himself or made Constance forge them.

"Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the

period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward III.'s memorable wars in France. John Harding also was expressly hired by Edward IV. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs."—*Scott.*

St. Jude to speed, (may) St. Jude (be present) to speed, so help me St. Jude. The invocation of the Saint is only a strong expression of wonder at Marmion's villainy. To speed in this context means to send on prosperously, speedily, without check or stay. Compare XVII. 8, where the noun 'speed' is used. Two of the original twelve apostles were called Judas. Douglas seems here to be invoking the name of the less known Judas, who remained faithful to his Master. The other Judas, who betrayed Christ, of course thereby lost all claim to be numbered among the Saints, and cannot be meant here, unless Douglas is suggesting that Marmion, in his treacherous forgery, received assistance from the most infamous of all traitors.

15. **it liked me ill,** I was not pleased, it pleased me ill, that is to say, it pleased me little, the word 'like,' which ordinarily means 'to regard as pleasing,' being used as meaning 'to please.' 'Like' and its opposite 'dislike' are used in this sense by Shakespeare several times: cf. *Othello* II. 3, "I'll do it: but it dislikes me."

18. A recent history of the Douglas family directly contradicts this assertion by giving facsimiles of the signatures of Gawain's brothers.

20. **boy-bishop.** As Gawain Douglas was born in 1474 or 1475, and did not become a bishop until 1515, he was neither a boy nor a bishop in 1513, the year of the battle of Flodden.

fret his fill. See note on I. XXII. 19.

25. In ordinary English to say a man rides fairly is faint praise, and means that he rides tolerably well. Here 'fairly' means 'gracefully,' 'excellently.' The adverb 'fairé' is used in the same sense by Chaucer, describing a young squire:—

> "Well could he sit on horse and fairé ride."

XVI. 1. **in Marmion's journey wore,** wore on (gradually approached its conclusion) as he journeyed.

2. A gust is a sudden burst of wind, a burst of passion, sometimes of anger, sometimes of love.

7. **peep of day,** dawn of day.

8. **good sooth,** in good truth.

10. **spell,** understand.

16. **sables,** black furs, the fur of the sable, a species of marten, the fur of which is extremely lustrous and of great value.

28. Sholto was a favourite Christian name among the Douglasses. We may suppose that the Sheriff Sholto was one of the Douglas' sons, who, from his extreme youth or for some other reason, was unable to go to battle.

29. **the Master,** the Master of Angus, the eldest son of Archibald. He and another son were in the army of King James (see XII. 26), and both of them were killed at Flodden.

32. 'To course' means 'to make to run fast.' A horse courser means one who makes horses run fast, and a sworn horse courser will be one who is entirely devoted to this pursuit, as if he were bound by an oath to devote all his energies to it. Marmion's reproach might be expressed by applying to Blount the modern slang word 'horsey,' which is applied to such persons as care for nothing and understand nothing but horses.

33. **bear'st a brain,** hast brains in thy head, hast some intelligence.

XVII. 8. **speed,** God speed, prosperity, good fortune.

10. Here is a further explanation of the concluding stanza of the third canto.

12. **fay,** fairy.

16. **as wont,** as (I was) wont or accustomed. See note on 2. XXXII. 3.

19. **how stand we now,** how do De Wilton and I stand, that is to say, how do things stand between us?

21. **'twas therefore,** 'twas on that account.

23. **disproved** properly means proved to be false. Here we should rather expect 'unproved,' that is, not proved to be true, unsupported by any proof. Perhaps Marmion thinks that his triumph at Cottiswold had proved Wilton to be the writer of the traitorous letters, and therefore amounted to a proof of the falsehood of the statement that they had been forged.

26. It appears that Constance, after being given up to the priests (3. XV. 18), had been taken to St. Cuthbert's Monastery at Lindisfarne (3. VIII. 14), the "convent strange" referred to in 3. XV. 11. Marmion, knowing nothing of her subsequent fate (see 3. XVI. 1, 2) supposes her to be still alive in Lindisfarne, and naturally fears that the Abbess of St. Hilda's will, when she returns to her convent at Whitby, pay a visit to the neighbouring island of Lindisfarne, and get as much information as possible about the crime from Constance. Therefore he determines to

"separate Constance from the nun" (the Abbess of St. Hilda's), that is, to keep them separate by immediately removing Constance from Lindisfarne.

XVIII. 6. **our time**, the present day.

8. The reverend pilgrim was Mr. Brydone, a friend of Scott's.

9. **Bernardine brood**, monks of St. Bernard.

16. Flodden Edge is the edge of Flodden Hill, which is the last and lowest eminence of the Cheviots towards the north-east.

17. **pavilions**, tents. See Ruskin's criticism quoted in the introduction.

22. **lines**, the lined-out encamping ground of soldiers, their quarters, the ground occupied by them. The lines shift as new ground is occupied. The "lines of Torres Vedras" is the historical name of the ground occupied by the army of Wellington in Portugal in 1810.

25, 26, 27. Exactly the same triplet of rhymes has occurred before. See II. 17, 18, 19. For Scott's poverty in rhymes, cf. XXIII. 20 (note).

30. 'Traverse' is properly a transitive verb in its ordinary sense, but perhaps in this passage it is, by the converse of the license used in VI. 26, used intransitively as it suggests an intransitive verb of motion. 'Traverse' is however used intransitively, as a technical term of fencing, in the sense of 'make movements in opposition,' which would exactly suit this passage.

XIX. 14. **den.** See note on 2. Int. 257.

16. **dim-wood glen**, glen darkened by trees.

19. **the Gothic arch**, *i.e.*, of the bridge.

XX. 6. **champion of the dames.** See 5. X.

9. **strand**, shore.

10. The English army made this movement to cut off the Scotch from their own country and their supplies, so that they might be forced to descend from their advantageous position, and come down to join battle in the plain.

11. A knight errant is a knight wandering in search of adventures. The meaning is that the Scottish king, in giving an advantage to the foe by his inaction, was acting more like a foolish knight errant than a wise commander. According to Pittscottie, James, being urged to attack the English while they were engaged in the difficult operation of crossing the Till, romantically declared that "he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field." In a similar spirit Alexander the Great, when advised to make a night attack upon the

Persians, replied that "he scorned to filch a victory, and that Alexander must conquer openly and fairly." Had James IV. been as victorious at Flodden as Alexander was at Arbela, his quixotic resolution would not be remembered to his discredit.

12. **wand**, staff of authority, baton, or truncheon, or warder. Douglas and Randolph were Bruce's two chief supporters in the great struggle for Scotch independence. They both fought at Bannockburn.

The following note will be found in the Appendix to Vol. II., Part I., Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*:—

"An ancient gentleman, who had borne arms for the cause of Stuart in 1715, told the editor that, when the armies met on the field of battle at Sheriff-Muir, a veteran chief covered with scars came up to the Earl of Mar, and earnestly pressed him to order the Highlanders to charge, before the regular army of Argyle had completely formed their line, and at a moment when the rapid and furious onset of the clans might have thrown them into total disorder. Mar repeatedly answered it was not yet time, till the chieftain turned from him in disdain and despair, and, stamping with rage, exclaimed aloud, 'Oh for one hour of Dundee!'"

Scott must have had this incident in his mind when he wrote the line "Oh for one hour of Wallace wight," and Wordsworth too must have had it in his mind when he wrote the following lines in his sonnet on the battle of Killicrankie:—

> "O for a single hour of that Dundee,
> Who on that day the word of onset gave!
> Like conquest would the men of England see;
> And her foes find a like inglorious grave."

Vol. II. of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* was published in 1802. Wordsworth's Killicrankie sonnet was written in October, 1803.

16. Saint Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, as Saint George is the patron saint of England, and Saint Patrick of Ireland.

19. **and Flodden** etc., and Flodden would have been as glorious a victory for the Scotch as Bannockburn, instead of being a disastrous defeat. In this line and in the whole of the stanza Scott shows his feelings as a patriotic Scotchman; and speaks as if he were a spectator following the movements of the two armies with intense interest.

XXI. 6. **hap what hap**, whatever may happen.

7. **my basnet** etc. I bet my basnet against the cap of an apprentice, that is to say, a more valuable against a less valuable stake. A basnet was a light helmet.

9. **far array'd**, drawn out in order of battle over a wide extent of ground. Some editions read 'fair,' that is 'fairly,' 'beautifully.'

16. **stint in thy prate**, make thy talk scanty, say little. 'Stint' is generally used as a transitive verb. These words, together with Blount's remarks in the end of 5. XXXI., are criticized by Jeffrey as being a great deal too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood. See note on XXVIII. 26.

XXII. 8. A daw is a jackdaw, an inferior bird as compared with a falcon. Marmion is the falcon, Clare the pheasant, and De Wilton the daw.

9. The Abbot is Saint Bernard's Abbot, XVIII. 11.

10. **bide**, abide, remain. **so**, therefore, because Marmion fears that the Douglas may use his influence to induce the Abbot to refuse to surrender Clare again into Marmion's power.

27. **deep need**, great need.

35. **command**, give a perfect view of.

XXIII. 4. **fronted north and south.** As Surrey had by crossing the Till placed his army between James and his native country (XX. 8), it was the Scotch army that fronted north, while the English had their faces turned towards the south.

15. From the words 'Thou wilt not' we infer that Clare's look showed clearly that she would not grant his request.

16. **weal**, welfare.

20. **amain**, as hard, as quickly, as you can.

There is bad workmanship in this stanza, arising from Scott's poverty in rhymes. In line 10 'Lord Marmion staid,' similarly he 'staid' at the end of line 29 in the preceding stanza also. Blount and Eustace receive the order 'To Berwick speed amain,' and Marmion is spurring 'amain' only seven lines further on: cf. XVIII. 25 (note).

XXIV. 1. **the good Lord Marmion** etc. It is Surrey that speaks.

5. The following lines give the disposition of the English army. Surrey's two sons commanded the right wing, Surrey himself the centre, and Sir Edward Stanley the left. Lord Dacre was in command of a large body of cavalry, which was held in reserve, to assist whatever portion of the English army was most hardly pressed. The right wing, which Marmion joined, first came into collision with the enemy. It seems to have been in advance of the centre and left wing, and is therefore called the vaward

post (l. 7) or vanguard (ll. 13, 21). For the same reason the victorious Scottish left is called the 'vaward wing' in XXXIII. 5.

7. 'Vaward,' 'vanward,' and 'vanguard' are by derivation the same word. See note on **1.** III. 12.

8. "Sir Brian Tunstall, called, in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. Tunstall perhaps derived his epithet of *undefiled* from his white armour and banner, the latter bearing a white cock about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith."—*Scott.*

21. **first in the vanguard,** did not halt till he reached the vanguard.

24. **shrilling,** sounding piercingly.

XXV. 9. **gilded spurs,** knighthood, as knights wore gilded spurs.

10. **bent.** See **4.** XXV. 4.

14. **all downward,** all the ground downward.

17. **Scotland's war,** Scotland's warrior host.

23. **his mountain-throne,** his commanding position on Flodden hill. This position is called a throne, because it was occupied by a king.

28. **sword sway,** swinging of the sword.

29. Compare the *Lady of the Lake,* 6. XVII. 1, where the same idea is repeated almost in the same words.

XXVI. 2. **shroud,** covering.

6. **sea mew,** sea gull.

XXVII. 2. **broke Lennox and Argyle,** routed the force commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle.

7. **the right** of the English and therefore the left of the Scotch army.

9. The spotless banner white was Tunstall's. See stanza XXVI. 19.

11. **Lord Marmion's falcon.** See **1.** VI. and VIII., where we are told that Marmion had a falcon on his crest, on his shield, and on his pennon. The following lines show that the poet is thinking most of the last of the three.

26. **bid your beads,** say your prayers, counting them on beads. 'Bid' in O. E. meant 'pray.' See note on **1.** XXV. 8.

'Patter' is generally used intransitively to express such monotonous sounds as that of falling rain. Here it means 'repeat hastily and monotonously,' as prayers are often repeated.

39. **spread**, broadened, opened wide. Blood-shot eyes are eyes discoloured with blood owing to the swelling of the blood-vessels.

41. **housing**, trappings.

XXVIII. 15. **strained**, clutched, held tightly.

18. **beat**, beaten, battered.

24. **sped**, despatched, sent on his way (*i.e.*, to death).

26. "Good night to Marmion" is quoted by Byron in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and is sarcastically described in the note as "the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion." The words may be defended as being consistent with the character of "unnurtured Blount."

27. **brawling**, rude, loud talking.

XXIX. 4. **hearts of hare**, cowards. Contrast with this the expression '*Cœur de Lion*' (Heart of Lion) applied to Richard I. on account of his bravery.

10. This incident is borrowed from history, though, according to the practice of writers of fiction (see note on XXXVIII.) what was really done by a historical character is transferred to the fictitious hero. When the Howards were hard pressed by the Borderers opposed to them, "Thomas taking the jewelled *Agnus Dei* from his neck sent it by special messenger to his father, to entreat him to advance as promptly as possible with the centre."—*Cameos from English History.*

15. Edmund Howard, with his brother Thomas, the Admiral of England, commanded the English right wing. They were sons of the Earl of Surrey. See XXIV. 14.

reft, taken from me.

21. 'Varlet' originally meant the son of a knight or noble before attaining the age of chivalry, subsequently a page or knight's follower, and finally a rascal. 'Valet,' a man servant, is by derivation the same word.

23. **parted**, departed.

XXX. 1. This apostrophe and 6. XVII. 27, 28 are the two passages of the poem which are most often quoted.

8. **casque**, helmet.

13. **runnel**, small running stream.

19. **a little fountain cell**, a fountain built over.

26. **hied**, went.

30. **dubious verge**, the uncertain edge of battle, which is called uncertain, because what was before on the edge of the battle might, owing to the movements of the contending armies, become the very centre of the fight.

31. **shrieve**, shrive, to receive the confession of.

XXXI. 20. The fiend is the devil who is the fiend *par excellence*. Marmion's dying wish is that he might have another day of life to take vengeance on the monks of the Holy Isle for the death of Constance, and he thinks the use to which he would put it in destroying a holy place and slaying holy men might induce the devil to spare him for a day. For the dark presage mentioned in the previous line, see 3. XIII. 18.

XXXII. 5. **he**, Marmion.

8. See the song of Fitz-Eustace, 3. X.

13. **shake not** etc., do not disturb the last moments of the dying sinner. As time used to be measured by the fall of sand in the hour glass (see 5. Int. 152), the sands of a man's life came to mean the time he had to live. Thus in Shakespeare we have—

> "The sands are numbered that make up my life."
> —3 *Henry VI.* 1. IV. 25.

14. **yon sign**, the cross at Sybil Grey's fountain. See XXX. 25.

24. The eyes of dying men are said to glaze (*i.e.*, become as glass), when they lose the brightness of life and become dull and fixed.

XXXIII. 1. 'By this (time)' would naturally introduce some new event that happened not later than the last mentioned event, as for instance in this case the darkness of evening had already fallen on the earth, when Marmion spoke his last words. It therefore seems better to remove the comma, that the original editors, and seemingly all subsequent editors, put after 'this,' so that 'by this' may qualify the verb of the dependent sentence.

5. This victor vaward wing was the left wing of the Scots led by Huntley and Home, which had beaten the right wing of the English, and was now occupied in plundering instead of returning to take further part in the battle.

Marmion was begun in 1806, and finished in 1808. Scott reproduced this couplet with only one word altered in his *Rob Roy*, written in 1817, as the opening lines of a copy of verses supposed to be written by young Frank Osbaldistone, the first walking gentleman (for he can hardly be called hero) of the story.

11. Paladin and peer here ought to have the same meaning, as Charlemagne's paladins were his twelve peers of France.

12. Roncesvalles is a valley on the frontiers of Spain, where Charlemagne's rear guard under Rowland, more commonly spelt Roland, was destroyed by immense pagan armies. Rowland had an enchanted horn, by blowing which he informed Charlemagne

of the desperate straits to which he was reduced. Fontarabia is a border town of Spain, on the sea-coast, about thirty miles north of Roncesvalles. Milton, following a different version of the same legend, says that

> "Charlemain with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia."—*Paradise Lost*, I. 586.

For the skilful employment of proper names in this passage see note on 3. IX. 5.

13. **them**, Huntley and Home, and the Borderers under their command.

18. Notice the climax. 'Dies' is a stronger word than 'bleeds,' 'bleeds' than 'toils.'

XXXIV. 3. **hail'd**, showered thick as hail.

10. **bill-men**, men armed with bills, hatchets with hooked points, which would inflict more "ghastly" (hideous) wounds than a spear or sword.

13. Similarly in the *Lady of the Lake*, 6. XVII., an army of spearmen is called "the spearmen's twilight wood" and "the serried grove of lances brown."

17. **serried**, crowded together.

28. **their mightiest low**, the mightiest having been laid low.

36. **down**, an open plain generally on the top of a hill, opposed to 'dale,' a low-lying valley.

34. **dash** ought to be 'dashes,' as the subject is a singular noun.

39. "The most celebrated of these songs is referred to in XXXVI. 24. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow."—*Scott.*

Sometimes the undying memory of Flodden takes a humorous form, as in the case of a Scotchman who, without previous training, set up as a medical practitioner on the English side of the Border. When reproached with the possible loss of life that might result from his ignorance, he drily replied that it would be a long time before he could make up for Flodden.

XXXV. 5. **view not that corpse mistrustfully**, the corpse of King James; *mistrustfully*, with doubt as to whether it is King James's corpse or not. Compare 2. XIX. 14.

7. **yon Border castle high**, Home Castle. These lines refer to certain idle reports that were current in Scotland after the battle of Flodden. Home was accused by the popular voice not only of failing to support his king, but even of having carried him out of

the field and murdered him. Other reports averred that James, weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on pilgrimage to earn absolution for the death of his father and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry of England.

11. **the Royal Pilgrim** etc., that the king is a pilgrim and may return.

19. **yon blithe night**, the gay night at Holyrood. See the Fifth Canto.

XXXVI. 2. **a pierced and mangled body**, believed by Fitz-Eustace to be the body of Marmion.

8. This storm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the king, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brooke, who with Sir John Gill commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket ball through the vizor of his helmet. The royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot from St. Chad's Cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day.

12. **martial Marmion**, Marmion's effigy.

erst, in former days.

13. **couchant**, lying.

17. **blazed**, blazoned.

20. The fact that Marmion was not buried in hallowed ground was a further fulfilment of the imprecation uttered against the false lover in the song of Constance. See 3. XI. 16.

24. **wede away**, weeded out, extirpated like weeds, destroyed. The refrain of an old song lamenting the death of the young men who had gone to Flodden from Ettrick Forest is

"The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

30. **took the room**, was placed in the tomb in the baron's room, in his place.

XXXVII. 7. **font**, basin of the fountain.

9. **springlet**, little spring.

13. This pastoral picture is introduced in order to bring vividly before our minds the contrast between the terrible scene of carnage that has just been described and the ordinary appearance of Flodden Field in the time of peace.

21-28. The sentiment in these lines is based on Christ's words—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The concluding words are a reminiscence of the exclamation in *Sir Tristrem*, "God help Sir Tristrem the knight—he fought for England."

XXXVIII. The writers of romances whether in prose or verse, have a way of representing their unhistorical heroes as dis-

tinguished actors on great historical occasions. In this stanza Scott anticipates the vein of fun indulged in by Thackeray in the following passages in *Rebecca and Rowena*, his amusing continuation of *Ivanhoe*. "It was Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe, I need scarcely say, who got the barons of England to league together and extort from the king that famous instrument and palladium of our liberties at present in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, the Magna Charta. His name does not naturally appear in the list of barons, because he was only a knight etc." "And although none of the Spanish historians make mention of Sir Wilfred as the real author of the numerous triumphs" (over the Moors), "which now graced the arms of the good cause, this is not in the least to be wondered at in a nation that has always been notorious for bragging." In the MS. Scott was inclined to impose still more upon his readers' credulity. He originally wrote—

> "He hardest pressed the Scottish ring;
> 'Twas thought that he struck down the king."

but altered the lines on second thoughts.

1. 'Elf' is by derivation the same word and seems here to have the same meaning as 'oaf' (a blockhead). The word 'oaf' came to mean 'blockhead,' because it was believed that elves (fairies) were in the habit of abstracting intelligent human children, and substituting in their places stupid elf-children.

3. **night.** The battle commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued, as we have seen, until it was quite dark (XXXIV. 20).

9. Holinshed was an English chronicler. He died between 1578 and 1582. The work by which he is remembered is entitled *The Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Irelande.* Shakespeare took from it the materials of some of his historical plays. Hall was an earlier chronicler, who died in 1547, and from his writings also Shakespeare obtained the foundations of many scenes and even of whole plays.

11. **his faith made plain,** his good faith having been cleared of the charges which Marmion had brought against him.

13. **charged his shield with bearings,** put bearings on his shield.

14. **bearings,** the charges or figures on a shield, as for instance the leopards on the shield of Edward I. (3. XXIII. 24), Marmion's falcon, and the lion rampant of Scotland (4. XXVIII. 18).

16. **in terms,** in detail.

20. **the bridal's state,** the splendour of the marriage ceremony.

23. To draw a curtain means to open or close it according to the way in which it is drawn. Here it means to open the curtain. The wedding guests, according to the custom of the time, went to see the newly married pair on the morning after their marriage. At this visit it was customary to throw the stockings of the bride at the head of the bridegroom, and those of the bridegroom at the head of the bride. If the missile was successfully aimed, it was considered to be a good omen for the thrower.

24. Catherine of Arragon was the first wife of Henry VIII. He divorced her in 1533, and she died in 1537.

27, 28. The following is an extract from a description of the Muhammadan marriage ceremony printed as an Appendix to Macnaghten's *Principles of Muhammadan Law.*

"After this the Cazi offers up a supplication to heaven on behalf of the newly married pair, saying, 'Oh, great God! grant that mutual love may reign between this couple as it existed between Adam and Huwa (Adam and Eve), Ibraheem and Sara (Abraham and Sarah) etc."

L'ENVOY (Fr.) was anciently a sort of postscript, sent with poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce the moral of them. The last six stanzas of Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale* are in many MSS. entitled *L'Envoy de Chaucer a les maris de notre temps* (the postscript of Chaucer to the husbands of our time).

3. **bid speed,** wish prosperity. Gentles is an old term for persons of superior rank. The word is still used in Scotland. See 3. XXV. 20; and note on v. 18.

4. **rede,** which generally means 'advice,' here seems to mean 'story.'

7. Before 'sound head etc.' we must understand the words 'I wish,' which are understood from the sense of the previous lines, for the first three lines of this postscript are equivalent to 'I wish the gentles speed.' Cf. 6. Int. 233.

clean hand, integrity. This virtue of Pitt's has already been alluded to. See 1. Int. 89.

8. **as Pitt,** as Pitt's heart, wit, hand, and head. See note on 3. XXI. 5.

19. 'Light task' may be regarded as governed by the preposition 'but,' if we understand 'what can I wish but' from l. 14. Or we may understand 'I wish' as in l. 7.

INSTANCES OF FIGURES OF SPEECH, Etc.

(The following lists of instances do not profess to be exhaustive. Spaces are left for students to add other examples that they may discover in the course of their reading.)

Abstract for concrete, 2. XXXIII. 7 ; 3. Int. 48, 183 ; 5. X. 12.

Adjectives used as adverbs, 1. Int. 36, 69, 226 ; 1. X. 2 ; XV. 6 ; XXXI. 18 ; 5. XVI. 5 ; 6. I. 13 ; XVI. 9 ; XIX. 4.

Anachronism (deviation from historical accuracy with regard to time), 2. XXIX. 5 ; 3. XXII. 22 ; XXIII. 20 ; XXIV. 18 ; 4. VII. 30 ; 6. XV. 20.

Anacoluthon (change of construction), 1. V. 20 ; XV. 22 ; 2. Int. 156 ; 2. VII. 2 ; XIX. 23 ; 4. Int. 53 ; 5. VI. 35 ; 6. VIII. 9.

Apostrophe (changing the course of a speech, and making a short address to a person different from those to whom the speech is generally directed, or even to an inanimate object), 1. Int. 68; 196; 291; 2. Int. 73; 2. VIII. 21 ; 3. XIII. 2 ; 5. XXVI. 18 ; XXVII. 10 ; 6. VIII. 18; XIX. 23, 25 ; XX. 2, 12, 13 ; XXX. 1.

Archaic forms, 1. Int. 148 ; 3. I. 16 ; XIV. 11 ; XXXI. 8 ; 4. Int. 172 ; 4. XXI. 11 ; 5. XXVII. 24.

Chiasmus (reversal of order previously observed), Int. 1. 61, 62 ; 6. XI. 29.

Climax (rising gradually from weaker to stronger words), 5. XVI. 22-28 ; 6. XXXIII. 18.

Colour painting, 1. Int. 2 ; 13 ; 15 ; 18 ; 21 ; 1. I. 7 ; VI. 9 ; 12 ; 13 ; 15 ; VIII. 10 ; 14 ; 2. Int. 17 ; 74 ; 152 ; 154 ; 210 ; 242 ; 246 ; 248 ; 262 ; 2. I. 17 ; VIII. 18 ; IX. 13 ; 3. Int. 133 ; 136 ; 145 ; 151 ; 167 ; 171 ; 185 ; 201 ; 3. I. 11 ; 17 ; XVI. 13 ; XVII. 28 ; XXV. 14 ; XXVII. 4 ; XXIX. 15 ; 4. Int. 55 ; 56 ; 67 ; 4. VI. 4 ; 10 ; XVI. 22 ; 24 ; XXVIII. 4 ; 18 ; XXX. 5. Int. 57 ; 74 ; 5. V. 9 ; VIII. 19 ; 21 ; IX. 4 ; 5 ; XV. 5 ; 6 ; 6. Int. 13 ; 19 ; 57 ; 60 ; 96 ; 160 ; 6. III. 6 ; XXVI. 6 ; 19 ; XXX. 16 ; 17 ; XXXIV. 26.

Comparatio compendiaria (abridged comparison), 3. XXI. 5 ; 4. XV. 19 ; *L'Envoy* 8.

Grammatical irregularity, 3. IX. 7 ; XXIII. 16 ; 4. XII. 13 ; XXVI. 10 ; 5. XXII. 26 ; XXV. 18 ; XXXI. 20 ; 6. XXXIV. 34.

Hypallage (transference of attributes). **1.** Int. 199, 254; **3.** Int. 46, 62; **4.** XVIII. 5; **5.** Int. 18; **5.** VII. 19; **6.** II. 1, 17. See also note on **2.** XXXI. **1.**

Indirect narration, **6.** X. 17; XIV. 14; XXIII. 15; XXIX. 21.

Intransitive verbs used transitively, **3.** XXIV. 18; **6.** VI. 26.

Metonymy (the substitution of one word instead of another on account of some relation between the things signified), **4.** VI. 1; **5.** XVII. 30; **6.** Int. 48; **6.** XXVII. 2.

Nouns in apposition to sentences, **1.** Int. 184; **2.** XVI. 8; **3.** XXIV. 7; **6.** I. 18; XXII. 26.

Nouns used as adjectives, **2.** III. 12; XXXIII. 25; **3.** V. 1; XX. 15; **6.** XXX. 19.

Onomatopoeia (imitation of the sense by the sound), **4.** XXXI. 10; **5.** V. 32.

Past tense forms used as participles, **1.** Int. 105; 324; **1.** XXVI. 14; XXXI. 5; **2.** XXIV. 1; **3.** VI. 7; **4.** V. 10; VIII. 13; XXI. 12; **6.** XXVIII. 18.

Pathetic fallacy (attributing to inanimate objects the feelings of living beings), **1.** Int. 11; **2.** Int. 104; **4.** XXIV. 14.

Personal pronouns used reflexively, 1. Int. 32; **2.** Int. 97; **2.** XXIX. 10; XXXIII. 24; **4.** XXII. 33; **5.** XX. 21; XXII. 16; XXX. 5; **6.** Int. 122; **6.** VII. 12; XIII. 19; XXVI. 21; XXX. 13; XXXII. 12.

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ADDENDUM.

This edition was prepared in India, where I had not the first edition of the poem to consult, nor Mr. Rolfe's American edition with its excellent criticisms on the Text. Since returning to England I have, wherever the reading seemed doubtful, collated seven editions of *Marmion*, namely, the first (1808), the second (1808), the seventh (1811), the duodecimo edition of 1820, the tenth (1821), the twelfth edition (1825), and Lockhart's edition.

The result of my collation is as follows:—

	1st Ed.	2nd Ed.	7th Ed.	Duodecimo.	10th Ed.	12th Ed.	Lockhart.
2. XXIV. 15 .	and	and	and	and	nor	nor	nor
XXVIII. 3	faith	faith	faith	faith	faith	fate	fate
3. Int. 28 .	loftier	loftier	lofty	lofty	lofty	lofty	lofty
194 .	sleights	sleights	sleights	sleights	sleights	slights	slights
228 .	from	from	from	from	from	for	for
XIV. 17 .	vail	vail	veil	vail	vail	vail	vail
4. Int. 56 .	dank	dank	dank	dank	dank	dank	dark
XI. 10 . .	hath	hath	hath	hath	hath	had	had
13 . .	knots	knots	knots	notes	notes	notes	knots
5. VIII. 9 . .	were	were	were	were	was	was	was
XIII. 23 .	vessels	vessels	vessels	vessels	vessels	vassals	vassals
XXVII. 24	frock	frocke	frocke	frocke	frocke	frocke	frocke
6. Int. 215 .	review	review	review	review	review	renew	renew
XX. 11 .	vails	vails	vails	vails	vails	'vails	'vails
XXI. 9 .	fair	fair	fair	fair	fair	far	far

From this collation it appears that most of the alterations for which Mr. Rolfe blames Lockhart had been made already in Scott's lifetime in the edition of 1825, or even before that date. Giving due weight to all the editions I have consulted, I should now read 'and' in **2.** XXIV. 15, 'sleights' in **3.** Int. 194, 'from' in **3.** Int. 228, 'vail' in **3.** XIV. 17, 'dank' in **4.** Int. 56, 'hath' in **4.** XI. 10, and 'fair' in **6.** XXI. 9. Mr. Rolfe is almost certainly right in removing the colon or full stop, which appears at the end

of 2. XXXIII. 9 in all the old editions mentioned above. I should also maintain the alterations I have made in the punctuation of the text in 2. I. 5 and 6. XXXIII. 1, although they do not seem to receive any support from the old editions. Many of these questions might be settled by reference to Scott's original MS. of the poem, which appears to have mysteriously disappeared. At any rate I have been unable to discover where it is. But of course even the MS. readings could not be accepted as unquestionable, for Scott made many alterations in *Marmion* while the poem was passing through the press. Nor is the first edition authoritative, as, though a fine specimen of the grand style in printing, it is by no means free from misprints, and there is no doubt that some slight changes in the text were deliberately introduced by the author in subsequent editions.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

February, 1890.

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